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ABSTRACT

This curriculum guide is intended to introduce elementary school students to folktales and fairy tales. Three categories of tales, each containing four examples, are included: "Encounters with Wee Folk," "Foolish Use of Wishes," and "Unlikely Success." The folktales and fairy tales in this unit are described as "wonder tales," tales that occur in magical lands inhabited by real as well as magical people. The guide includes suggested teaching activities, questions for class discussion, and numerous illustrations. (See related documents CS 200 500-503, CS 200 505-508.) (DI)

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Literature Curriculum, Levels C - D

FOLK TALES AND FAIRY TALES

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Folk Tales and Fairy Tales

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FOLKTALES AND FAIRY TALES
(Introduction)

Any fairy tale or wonder tale can be categorized as a folktale. Folktales are concrete renderings of human hopes and dreams, created by adults for the entertainment of adults as well as children. Over and over again folktales from different times and different places tell of people seeking success, fame, and fortune.

A comforting justice is at work in folktales. Right always triumphs: the poor but kind girl becomes a rich and generous queen; the evil man ends up with nothing but his due punishment.

There are several types of folktales. The household tale is what we usually term the folktale, but the wonder tale is what concerns us in this unit.

A wonder tale takes place in a magical land because the originators of wonder tales knew that true happiness could only come to them in magical ways. The everyday world did not offer ways to find the happiness they were seeking. The world of the wonder tale or fairy tale is full of magical events and magical people, both good and evil, such as leprechauns, ogres, and witches. Real people, some good, some bad, also inhabit the wonder tale.

Folktales, whose plots are usually lively and full of action, were created orally and passed on orally for generations by such worldly sorts as soldiers, sailors, slaves, traders, monks, and scholars, among others. It wasn't until the 12th century that any written versions appeared in Europe.

For its native society, the folktale served as an embodiment of the moral code. Kindness, industry, and courage were dramatically rewarded. The tales condoned using your wits and looking beyond appearances, while they condemned the character who was mean, lazy, and deceitful.

I. ENCOUNTERS WITH WEE FOLK

STORIES:

1. "The Field of Daffodils"
2. "The Gift of the Elves"
3. "Rumplestiltskin"
4. "Finn Mac Cool, the Giants, and the Small Men"

GENERAL ANALYSIS:

One of the reasons for including folk and fairy tales in the curriculum is to introduce our students to some of the more common motifs which recur in all ages and lands, and which frequently reappear in more sophisticated literary forms. Certainly one of the most common of these motifs is the encounter with the small man with magical powers. The stories in this group all deal with various aspects of this motif.

In "The Field of Daffodils" we see a standard pattern. The Cluricaune (more commonly called a Leprechaun) is trapped by the mortal. To free himself he must perform some task, or must ransom himself with gold. But he is obligated no further than the precise wording of his promise, and frequently (as in this story) this is what provides the gimmick by which he outwits his mortal captor.

In "Rumplestiltskin" the pattern becomes more complex. But here, also, we see the appearance of common motifs. The Foolish Boast gets the miller's daughter in trouble. She is faced with The Impossible Task. Rumplestiltskin bails her out, and makes the demand for The First Born Child. Finally, he is defeated by someone who learns his Secret Name. All these motifs appear again and again in all sorts of combinations in all sorts of stories. Your students might enjoy recalling their appearance in other stories they know.

With "Finn Mac Cool, the Giants, and the Small Men," we find still another version of the encounter with wee folk. Here Finn Mac Cool is aided by several of them, each with a particular talent. The same motif recurs in "The Land Ship" in the third group of fairy tales, and reappears in "The Fool of the World" in the Drama strand of this collection. So the four encounters in this section cover quite a range of the variations of this motif.

THE FIELD OF DAFFODILS

Ask your students what it means to "chase a lucky star." Discuss their responses. Tell them that in today's story a young Irish lad named Tom Fitzpatrick chases his lucky star.

Ask them to listen to find out if he catches hold of it or not.

Read the first part of the story, stopping with: "Then he stopped laughing, for there was nothing to laugh about."

Ask your students why they think Tom stopped laughing. After they have made a few suggestions, read the rest of the story.

VOCABULARY

stonechatters-- a common singing bird in Europe

Cluricaune (klûr′ĭ kôn) - a magical little person

cobbler - a mender or maker of shoes

crock - earthen pot

READ THE SELECTION

QUESTIONS

1. Discuss the question at the end of the chapter.

2. Why did Tom think he had found his lucky star when he caught the wee Cluricaune in his gaze? (A Cluricaune is sworn by oath to give away pots of gold if a person captures him.)

3. How did the Cluricaune outsmart Tom but keep his promise at the same time? (He tied red kerchiefs to all the millions of daffodils in the field.)

4. What does this story suggest about right and wrong ways to act? (Discuss)

5. How can you tell that Tom Fitzpatrick is from another land? (Discuss the diction.)

ACTIVITIES

1. This is a delightful story to act out. Before you pick volunteers to play the characters, discuss how each character would act, look, and speak. You may prefer that a good student read the story out loud as student volunteers pantomime what is being read.

2. Ask your students to pretend they are a Cluricaune. Since Tom Fitzpatrick knows where their crock of gold is hidden, they decide they had better dig it up and hide it in a new and more secret place.

Ask students to suggest how they would move their huge crock of gold and where they would hide it.

After some ideas have been expressed, ask students to write stories about a Cluricaune being caught by another person and being forced to show the person where the gold is hidden.

Write any words on the board that students ask to have spelled for them.

When students are finished, ask them to share their stories in groups of three or four.

Then assemble the stories into a class book entitled Cluricaunes and Crocks of Gold.

3. Even if Tom did not get any gold, at least he ended up with a million red kerchiefs. What kinds of things could he make or do with them? Would he try to sell them? See if you can write a story about what Tom did next.

THE FIELD OF DAFFODILS

There was once, in the countryside north of Limerick on the Shannon river, a young lad by the name of Tom Fitzpatrick. And while his father worked hard in the fields, Tom cared more for playing tricks and waiting for a lucky star to bring him his fortune.

Now, as it went one fine harvest day, Tom was strolling down a path in the woods and whistling a merry tune, when he heard a tapping, chattering sound.

"Hmmm," said Tom to himself. "'Tis a wee bit late in the season for the stonechatters to be peeping in the bushes. I wonder what kind of beastie could be in there."

So Tom sneaked over to the bush on his tiptoes, pushed the leaves apart, and peeked in. There, sitting on a little wooden stool and tapping a little nail into the heel of a little shoe, was a teeny tiny bit of an old fellow, no taller than Tom's knee.

"Faith and begorrah!" said Tom to himself. "It's a Cluricaune! I've heard talk of the wee creatures, but I never thought them to be real. Sure, an' it's me lucky

star that's shining down on me at last. They say that these wee folk have got pots of gold to give away, if a body captures them. But you can't take your eyes away, or they'll be able to run off for sure."

Then Tom rubbed his chin in a sly way, fixed his eye on the little mannie, and sneaked a bit further. When he was close enough, he leaned down to the little Cluricaune and said, "Bless you in your labor, friend."

The tiny fellow, who had not seen Tom, jumped up with a start and tried to run away, but he was caught tight in Tom's gaze. When he saw that he could not escape, he looked Tom straight back in the eye and said, "Well, well, well. If it isn't Tom Fitzpatrick. And tell me, Tom, why is it that you're not out helping your father, instead of bothering a poor, wee cobbler like meself?"

"A wee cobbler like yourself, is it? You'll not be fooling me with that nonsense. I know that you're a deeshy daushy Cluricaune with a crock of gold, and I want it."

The little man squirmed a bit under Tom's gaze and shook his head; but Tom just stood there grinning and staring at him. When he saw that Tom wouldn't believe him, he said, "Tom, you've got me fair and square. I'm bound by the Cluricaune oath to show you where my gold is. Come along, now, up a few fields to the north."

So off they went, the wee mannie before, and Tom following after, not taking his eyes off the Cluricaune for even a second. And after a few minutes of this small parade, they came to a great field of daffodils. There must have been forty acres of daffodils; but the little fellow, sure as you please, walked up to just one of them.

He turned around to Tom and said, "This is the spot, Tom Fitzpatrick. Why, if a sly, young lad like yourself should dig here, it's sure that he'd dig up me crock of gold."

But Tom had been in such a hurry to follow his lucky star that he'd forgot to bring along a shovel for the digging. So he thought and he thought, and then he decided that he'd run home for one.

First, he took his red kerchief out of his back pocket and tied it around the daffodil, just to make sure that he would know the right one. Then he turned to Cluricaune and made him swear that he'd not remove the kerchief.

The tiny gentleman said, "I'll not remove it, Tom Fitzpatrick. And if you're through with your business with me, Tom, I'll be going. All the luck in the world with your gold, to you."

With that and a little laugh, the small fellow spun around and disappeared.

Without even waiting for the wind to blow across the Blarney Stone, Tom ran home like the Devil himself was chasing him. Through the fields, up the path, and he rounded the

corner of his father's barn. And grabbing a shovel from the tool shed, he was gone again.

He ran back down the path; and as he passed the spot where he'd first seen the Cluricaune, he thought to himself, "Sure, an' it is me lucky day at last. Faith and thunder, it is. Oh, Tom Fitzpatrick, you're bound to be the richest lad in the county."

He kept on telling himself things like that, as he ran through the fields, toward the daffodil meadow, toward the daffodil with the red kerchief. He kept laughing, and running, and telling himself how rich he was going to be, until he got to the field. Then he stopped laughing, for there was nothing to laugh about.

The wee gentleman had kept his word and not removed the kerchief, all right. But Tom was still lost, for now every daffodil in the field--and there must have been a million of them--every one had a red kerchief tied to it.

Tom knew that it would probably take him the better part of ten years to dig them all up, so he hung his head, put the shovel on his shoulder and started home. This time, he had no merry tunes to be whistling. But at least he'd learned a little something about chasing lucky stars. Have you?

THE GIFT OF THE ELVES

Once upon a time a tailor and a goldsmith were traveling together. Just at sundown, as they were walking through a valley, they heard the sound of music and singing coming from the top of a high hill. The sound was so pleasant that they forgot their weariness and began to climb the hill to get closer. When they got to the top of the hill the moon had come out, and what should they see but a large band of elves dancing around in a ring to the tune of a pipe, and singing to their hearts' content.

In the middle of the ring was a larger elf, dressed in a coat of many different colors, with a huge white beard hanging down to his knees. It was he who was playing the pipe. The tailor and the goldsmith watched in amazement and some fear, but the elf made a sign that they should enter the circle. The dancers parted for them, and soon they were standing in the middle of the ring. The circle closed again at once, and the singing and dancing went on. Suddenly the elf laid down his pipe, and took a large knife from his belt. He rapidly sharpened it until it was like a razor. The tailor and the goldsmith were terrified, but before they could move the elf had seized them and whisk! whisk! had shaved the hair of their heads clean off, and the same with their beards.

Fearing that their throast were to be next, the tailor and the goldsmith stood frozen with terror. But the elf patted them both on the shoulder as if to praise them for their bravery. Then he pointed to a pile of rocks in the middle of the circle, and told them that they were to fill their pockets. Wondering what use a pocketful of rocks could be, they nevertheless did as they were told. Just as they finished filling their pockets, a clock in the village steeple in the valley below struck twelve, and in an instant all the elves had vanished. The tailor and the goldsmith were left standing alone bathed in the moonlight that shone like gold on a pile of rocks on the empty hilltop.

Very much amazed at this adventure, they went down the hill and into the village, where they soon found an inn and went to bed for the rest of the night. In the morning when they awakened they found that the hair on their heads had grown back, and when they looked in their pockets they found that the rocks they had filled them with the night before had turned into nuggets of the purest gold. They were both rich men.

But the goldsmith, who was a greedy man, thought that he did not have enough gold. "Come," he said to the tailor, "let us go back to the hilltop tonight with large bags, and fill them with the magic stones. Surely then we will be rich enough to become emperors." But the tailor refused, saying, "I have enough and to spare for all I could ever wish. I am content. I will buy a tailor shop, and marry, and raise a family in peace and quiet." But he agreed to stay with the goldsmith another day, and wait at the inn until the goldsmith should return from the hilltop.

The goldsmith returned to the hilltop the following night, and there, sure enough, he found the elves singing and dancing in a ring. As before, the elf in the middle beckoned him through the circle. As before, the ring opened for him. As before, the elf whipped out his knife and whisk! whisk! shaved his head and beard. This time the goldsmith was not at all frightened, but smiled calmly as if to say, "Go on about your silly pranks, old man. I know it is all a game." Then he filled the two large bags he had brought with him with the stones from the pile. Then, as before, the village clock struck twelve, the elves vanished, and the goldsmith was left alone.

Very pleased with his night's work he hurried as fast as the two heavy bags would let him back to the inn. There he found his companion, and showing him the two bags of rocks he said, "See, you should have come with me. I will be ten times as rich as you. Now let us go to sleep, so that the magic may work." And the two lay down in their beds and went to sleep.

In the morning the goldsmith could hardly wait to jump out of bed to look at his bags of gold. Rushing over to the wall where he had laid them, he was amazed to find that they were still filled with rocks. As he scratched his head in puzzlement he was horrified to find that his head was still bald, and looking in the mirror he found that neither his hair nor his beard had grown a single bristle. "Ah, well," he thought to himself, "at least I can still be wealthy with the gold I got the night before." But when he went to fetch it, much to his sorrow he found that it had turned back into rocks.

He saw now that he had been punished for his greed. He began to weep and wail. At the sound of this, the tailor woke up and began to comfort him. "Do not be so sorrowful," said the tailor. "You have been my friend and companion through all our travels, and you shall stay with me and share in my good fortune. There is enough of my gold for the two of us." And he kept his word and cared for the goldsmith. But to the end of his days not a whisker could the goldsmith grow, and his head remained as bare as a pumpkin.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

Make a list of four names on the blackboard. Fill in the first three--Hans the Miller, Marian the Miller's Daughter, the Greedy King--and discuss how they might fit together in a story. Leave the fourth line blank. Tell your students that the fourth name becomes very important in the story. Ask them to listen to find out what his name is and why it is so important to the story.

After reading parts one and two, stop. Ask your students what they would have done had they been in Marian's place. After a short discussion, tell them to listen to find out what she does.

Read parts three and four. Then stop. Ask students what they think the king will do when he finds all the straw spun into gold. Discuss the validity of the students' responses in light of the character of the king. Then ask students to listen to find out what the king does do.

Read the rest of the story.

VOCABULARY

millstone - a round stone used for grinding grain

spindle - a long slender pin that is used in spinning thread with a spinning wheel

spindly legs - (you might ask students to derive the meaning, now that they know what a spindle is. Thin legs)

bobbin - a spindle on which thread is wound

READ THE SELECTION

QUESTIONS

1. What two mistakes did Hans make when he visited the king? (Told a lie; didn't admit that he had told a lie.)

2. Why do you think Hans made these mistakes? (Discuss. Perhaps he liked to feel important, not look foolish.)

3. What three things did Marian promise the little man? (Her pearl necklace, her ring, her first born child.)

4. What parts in the story did you find funny? (Have students leaf through the story and read them out loud.)

5. The little man spins straw into gold three times. What else happens three times? (Marian tries to guess his name on three different nights.)

6. Are you glad or sad that Marian guesses Rumplestiltskin's name? Why? (Discuss)

ACTIVITIES

1. Suppose the messenger hadn't heard Rumplestiltskin's name and hadn't reported it to Queen Marian. Discuss what might have happened instead.

2. Make up some other unusual names the queen might have guessed: Goldennose, Rumblyrock, etc.

3. See if you can make up a silly or funny poem using the word Rumplestiltskin.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

There was once a miller named Hans. He lived with his daughter in an old millhouse by a pleasant, babbling brook in the Happy Valley. Every harvest season, the farmers in the valley brought their grain to Hans, and with his millstone he ground it into fine white flour. The flour was so white and so fine that Hans was soon known far and wide as the best miller in the entire valley. This pleased him very much, for he was a man who liked to be important in the eyes of his neighbors.

Next to his good name, the miller was most proud of his daughter, whose name was Marian. She was a plump, good-natured girl, who liked to sing while she did her household chores. In the evenings, the farmers' sons liked to come to the miller's house and sit by the hearth while Marian worked at her spinning wheel. They admired her rosy cheecks and golden hair, and the way the thread she spun danced in the firelight. On such evenings, Hans would sit in the corner and smoke his pipe and think that the world was indeed a pleasant place.

The Boast

One day the king of the Happy Valley decided to have a great feast. He wanted to serve the guests at his banquet the whitest, fluffiest bread that could be baked. Hearing of the fine flour made by Hans, he ordered the miller to be brought before him.

When he came before the king, the frightened miller bowed his head to the floor.

"Hans," the king said, "I have been told that your flour is the finest in my kingdom."

The miller, suddenly feeling his importance, replied,

"Yes, Your Highness, my flour indeed is the best in your kingdom. And if I may say so," he added, puffing out his chest a little, "it is probably better than any other flour in the whole world."

The king was amused to see the miller puff himself up this way, so he decided to tease him a little. "Well, Hans, but is it only your flour that has made you so wealthy? I notice you are wearing a very fine vest--is your business so good that you can dress like a prince?"

The miller's face grew red with pleasure. Wishing to look important in the king's eyes, he leaned forward and whispered, "Well, Your Highness, there is something unknown to all my neighbors in the Happy Valley, something which I will tell to you alone. I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold!"

"Gold, you say?" said the king. "I don't believe it! Still, if what you say is true, she would be of great value to me. Your daughter must be very, very clever. Bring her to the castle tomorrow so I can see a sample of her work."

Hans cursed himself for being so foolish. He knew his daughter was an expert at the spinning wheel, but no one could spin straw into gold. Yet, he could

not admit to the king that he had lied. So the next morning, he appeared before the king, with a very frightened young girl at his side.

The king took Marian into a room in the dungeon deep underneath the castle, where there was a great pile of straw in one corner. He showed her a spinning wheel and a spindle, and said, "Marian, I will give you all night to spin this straw into gold. If you have not finished by morning, you shall die." And he shut the great wooden door, looked at her once through the thick iron bars, and then left her there alone.

The First Bargain

Poor Marian wept and wrung her hands. "Oh dear," she wailed, "what am I to do to save my life?" She had no idea how to spin straw into gold. She tried to spin some straws on the wheel, but they split into tiny pieces. So she wept and wept as the night went on, growing more afraid with every minute. Finally, she fell on the floor in a faint.

Marian was awakened from her faint by a tap on the shoulder. Standing before her was a little man with spindly legs, a long pointed nose, and eyes bright as black beads.

"Good evening, miller's daughter," said the funny little creature. "What is the matter?" he asked, looking at her tear-stained face.

"Oh, I am in terrible trouble. The king has told me I must spin this straw into gold or I will die. And I don't know the first thing about how to do it."

The little man's eyes twinkled strangely. "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"Why, I have nothing to give," Marian answered at once. Then, remembering, she said, "Oh, there is my pearl necklace. I will give it to you if you will spin this straw for me."

Marian took the string of pearls from her neck and gave it to the man. But she did it sadly, for the necklace had been given to her by her father when she was a little girl, and she was very fond of it.

The dwarf sat down at the spinning wheel. Whirr, whirr, whirr! The wheel went around three times and the bobbin was full. Then he took up another bobbin and whirr, whirr, whirr! three times around and that was full. He spun all night long, till all the straw was gone. And the thread that was wound on the bobbins was the finest, purest gold. He finished just at sunrise, jumped up from the stool, waved his cap at Marian, and vanished.

The Second Bargain

Soon the king came along. When he saw the great piles of golden thread glowing in the dim dungeon room, he was astonished and very, very happy, for he was a king who dearly loved riches. At the sight of this treasure, he became even more greedy.

"This work was well done, Marian," he said. "But I have still more use for you." He took the poor girl into another room, bigger than the first, and this room was filled halfway to the ceiling with straw. He told Marian that if she valued her life she must spin all the straw into gold before morning. Then he locked her in as he had done the night before.

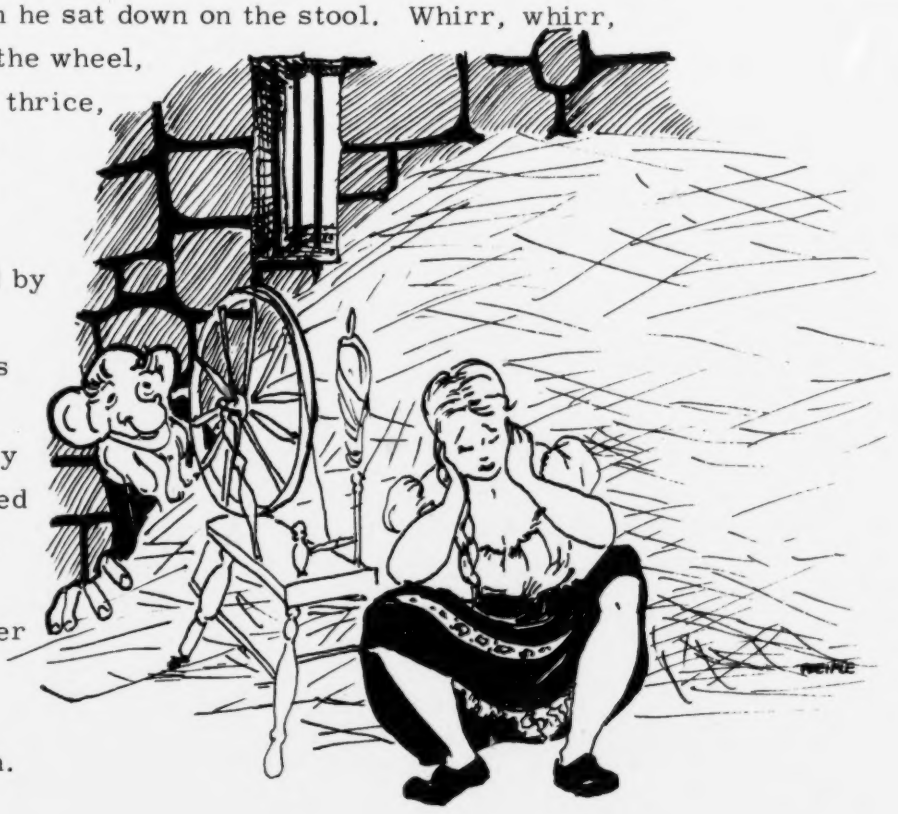
Marian saw that things were worse than before. Here

was even more straw, and of course, she still had no idea how to spin it into gold. Sadly she waited for the morning, when she was sure she would be put to death.

Suddenly out of a puff of smoke appeared the strange little man who had helped her the previous night. Jumping up and down in excitement, he said, "Marian, can it be that you have been given another little spinning job to do? Now, what will you give me if I spin all this straw--and there is such a lot of it!--into gold?"

"I gave you my necklace last night. Tonight, I will give you the most precious thing I have. This ring belonged to my mother and to her mother before her. If you save my life again, this ring shall be yours."

The little man looked longingly at the ring, which had a great orange stone on it. The stone gleamed on the girl's finger. Then he sat down on the stool. Whirr, whirr, whirr! went the wheel, once, twice, thrice, indeed many times as the long night passed. And by morning all the straw was spun into gold. Silently Marian slipped the ring with the orange stone from her finger and handed it to the little man.



He held his nose, jumped once into the air, and vanished, just as the king opened the door.

The Third Bargain

The king shouted with joy when he beheld so much golden thread. Most people would have been satisfied, but not the king. It seemed he could never have enough gold. He took the miller's daughter into a room even bigger than the other two. It was a long banquet hall, and it was filled up to the ceiling with huge bales of straw. There was so much straw that it seemed about to tumble down on their heads as they opened the door.

The cruel king pushed Marian into the one tiny corner of the room which was not covered with straw. "This too must be spun in one night," he said. "And if you are successful this time, I shall make you my wife. If not, you know what will happen to you." He thought to himself, "Even though she is only a miller's daughter, I could hardly find anyone more wealthy in my whole kingdom."

The king had hardly gone when the little man appeared for the third time and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time?"

Marian answered, "Alas, I have nothing left to give. I am only a miller's daughter, and I have already given you the only two treasures I had in the world. I am surely lost. The king will not marry me; he will kill me instead."

The dwarf paced around the tiny open space in the room, holding his hand to his forehead. Finally he said, "I have it! If I spin this huge pile of straw into gold, you must promise to give me the first child you have after you are married to the king."

Marian could not really believe that she would ever become queen, and because her life was in danger, she promised the

the little man what he asked for. The dwarf sat down and worked rapidly all through the night; and spun all the straw into gold. In the morning when the king came and found that his wish had been fulfilled, he ordered a giant wedding celebration to be prepared. Before the week was over, the miller's daughter became a queen.

The Last Bargain

Marian forgot all her troubles in her new glory, and her father the miller was now as important in his neighbors' eyes as even he could have wished. He hired two boys to grind his flour, for he now thought that such simple work was beneath him.

Life went along very happily for a year or so, and then one day the news spread throughout the Happy Valley that the queen had given birth to a fine, healthy boy. Everyone rejoiced. There was feasting and dancing in the villages, and the farmers gave up their work in the fields to join in the fun. The miller was so proud to be a grandfather that he gave away free sacks of flour to everyone.

One day not long after the prince was born, Queen Marian was sitting in her chamber rocking the child, when there was a soft tap on the door. In walked the man who had spun the straw into gold. The queen was so shocked she could not speak, for she had long ago forgotten the dwarf and her promise to him.

He stood firmly before the queen and said, "Now you must give me what you promised me."

Marian was terrified. "Oh please," she said. "I will give you anything if you will forget the promise--I will give you all the riches of the kingdom, but please let me keep my child." And she clutched the baby close to her breast, so tightly that it began to wail.

But the dwarf would not change his mind. "No, I want the child. I would rather have something living than all the riches you can offer me. I am an old man and I have grown lonely. I want the child to keep me company. You promised him to me when your life was in danger. Now give him to me."

The queen began to weep so loud and so piteously that the little man put his hands to his ears and screwed his eyes shut. Finally, he said, "I will strike yet another bargain with you, even though you do not deserve it. I will give you three days to find out what my name is. If by the end of that time you cannot tell me what it is, you must give up the child to me." Since he was sure he would win in the end, he patted the wailing child on the head and then disappeared.

The Answer to the Riddle

The queen called in her waiting women, and they all sat up the whole night thinking of every name they had ever heard. Each time someone thought of another name, a servant would write it down. Soon the list was so long that all the paper in the castle had been used up, and the servant had to write the names on the walls.

When the little man appeared the next day, the queen read off all the names, beginning Abdullah, Bertram, Caspar, David, and so on down to Xavier, Youssef, and Zachary. It took a long time to get through all the names, but it was useless, for after each one the little man said,

"That is not my name."

The second day, the queen sent a messenger around the kingdom to find out what the names of all the people were. And when the little man appeared, she told him all the most unusual names the messenger had brought back.

"Perhaps you are called Roast-ribs, or Sheep-shanks, or Spindleshanks," she asked hopefully.

But the little man answered only, "That is not my name."

"Could you be Cutpurse, or Cabbage-curls, or Canker-face?"

But he only answered again, "That is not my name."

The queen had used all the names she knew. She was in a great fury. She threw her shoe at the little man, but he cackled wickedly and disappeared in a puff of smoke.

On the third day, the messenger was sent out again, even though it seemed that all the names in the Happy Valley had already been found and written down. The queen paced back and forth in her chamber, very upset. Now and then she would pick up her darling child and press him close, thinking she would surely die if she had to give him up.

Finally the messenger returned. He was worn out, for he had traveled all day without food or rest. "Dear Queen," he said, "I have passed all over our land, and all I have been able to find is one single new name. But I found it in a very strange way. I was struggling through a tangled patch of woods when I came to a high hill, and there was a little cottage standing on it, and in front of the cottage there was a fire burning. I came closer, and I saw a funny little fellow with a very pointed nose dancing around the fire. He kept hopping up and down on

one leg and singing,

> Monday I baked, Tuesday I made stew
> Today is the day that the child comes through.
> And oh I am pleased at how clever I've been,
> For nobody knows I am called Rumplestiltskin!

A great smile spread over the face of the queen. She gave the messenger a sack filled with gold. Soon afterwards, the little man appeared, dressed in a rich red velvet suit, as though he were going to a party.

"Now, Mrs. Queen," he said, "for the last time--what is my name?"

"Are you called Johnny?" she said.

"No."

"Is your name Harry?"

"No again."

The queen walked up to the dwarf and smiled down triumphantly. "Then perhaps your name is RUMPLESTILTSKIN!"

The dwarf screamed in anger. "Who told you that? The devil must have told you that!" He jumped up and down like a bouncing ball, waving his arms and sputtering. He jumped so hard that one of his legs went into the floor all the way to the knee. Then he stamped his other foot in such a fury that he split in two, and suddenly there was no more of him to be seen.

The queen was overjoyed. She picked up the baby prince and danced around the room, and as she danced she sang:

> Oh now I have won my beautiful child
> From the dwarf so mean and sly.
> And I think you have spun your last golden thread,
> Goodbye, Rumplestiltskin, goodbye!

FINN MAC COOL, THE GIANTS, AND THE SMALL MEN

Tell your students that they will meet eight very interesting small men in today's story. Read each small man's introductory statement and ask students what situations such a power might be helpful in.

1. I'm called Lazy Back, for when I sit down no one in the wide world can stir or lift me, or make me rise again.

2. My name is Hearing Ear, for I can hear a whisper from the Eastern World as I sit here in Fintra.

3. I, Far Feeler, can feel an ivy leaf falling in the Eastern World and I sitting here in this place.

4. I am Knowing Man and I know all that is going to happen in every part of the world.

5. I am known as Taking Easy because I am so clever at stealing.

6. I am Climber. I can climb the walls of the highest castle in the Eastern or Western Worlds, even if they are made of glass.

7. I'm called Bowman, because with my arrow I can hit one midge in a crowd of midges dancing in the air.

8. I am called Three Sticks, for I can make anything I choose out of wood.

Ask the students to listen to today's story to find out how each small man helped Finn Mac Cool do what the king asked him.

VOCABULARY

midges - tiny flies--gnats

wrathful - full of anger

sentries - guards

mantle - cape or cloak

hag - an ugly old woman

READ THE SELECTION

QUESTIONS

1. Where does the number three appear in this story? (The king has three sons stolen.)

2. What foolish bargain did Finn Mac Cool make with the king? (Finn offered his head if he let the child be stolen.)

3. Why was the king's own sister stealing his children? (She was full of hate and spite.)

4. Who used magical powers for evil purposes? (The witch) Who used magical powers for good purposes? (The small men)

5. Why was the witch able to steal the child? (The small men and everyone else was looking at her lost arm and not paying attention to the child. The witch reached her other arm down the chimney and grabbed the child.)

6. How did each small man help Finn Mac Cool: Knowing Man? (By telling Finn what was going to happen) Lazy Back? (By pulling off the witch's arm) Hearing Ear? (By telling when the witch was approaching) Far Feeler? (Same as Hearing Ear) Three Sticks? (By building Finn a ship) Climber? (By climbing the slippery walls of the witch's castle with Taking Easy on his back) Taking Easy? (By stealing back the king's three sons) Bowman? (By killing the witch)

ACTIVITIES

1. Remind your students that the witch's castle had no door--only an opening on the roof, and that its high walls were as slippery as glass. Ask them what they think the king's castle looked like. After a discussion (and perhaps a few pictures from reference books), let students draw pictures of one castle or the other.

2. Make sure students are supplied with crayons and drawing paper. Ask them to choose one small man and draw a picture of him helping Finn Mac Cool.

Ask students to write the name of the small man in magic marker at the bottom of their picture.

Put the pictures on a bulletin board.

"Finn Mac Cool, the Giants, and the Small Men," from Irish Sagas and Folk Tales by Eileen O'Faolain. New York: Henry Z. Walck, Inc., 1954.

UNIT REVIEW

Write the titles of the four fairy tales in this unit on the board. Ask what was alike about all four stories and list valid ideas on the board. If the idea of magical people isn't brought up, suggest it and add it to the list.

Discuss the magical powers of the different magical people. Ask which magical person the students like best and discuss reasons why they were favorites.

Ask each student to make a painting of his favorite character and write the name of the character underneath his picture.

II. FOOLISH USE OF WISHES

STORIES:

1. "The Fisherman and His Wife"
2. "The Golden Touch"
3. "The Tale of Two Neighbors"
4. "The Poor Man and the Rich Man"

GENERAL ANALYSIS:

The quality of children's literature is as meaningful as its capability of comparison to universal themes. Within this set of stories we find the recurring motif of wishful thinking. It is a subject which everyone recognizes from the time he is a toddler until as an old man he "dreams dreams." How frequently in their everyday conversation we hear children say "I wish...", and in most instances not thinking of the consequences. These four stories point out the futility of making a wish without anticipating the results. They also bring out the fact that most of the time people are happier when they tend well to the responsibilities they currently have. The quick road to fame and fortune rarely brings the happiness one supposes.

Within each story we see an example of the person who had nothing to gain by wishing for something new. Never satisfied. This universal characteristic of people everywhere is exemplified in several of the fables: "The Dog and His Reflection," "Lion's Share." Your children will be able to think of present day examples.

"The Golden Touch" is the familiar King Midas story showing the consequences of greed. For the children there is a happy ending, however. The touch of the little man in the beam of sunlight brings forgiveness.

In "The Fisherman and His Wife" we have an example of the person who gets his wish, but is never satisfied. "The Poor Man and the Rich Man" and "The Two Neighbors" are examples of the missed opportunity to do good and an attempt to make up for it later. In both stories the main character recognizes his fault too late.

It is hoped that the children will be able to read these stories to themselves. There is a brief introduction for the child who works individually. If you should plan to use the stories with a small group there are several Readiness Questions you may find useful in introducing the motif, and also questions to prepare your pupils for each story.

READINESS SUGGESTIONS:

1. Suppose I were to ask you what you would like to have if I could give you anything you wanted? (Allow the class to discuss.)

2. What are some things grown-ups wish for when they get a chance to make a wish?

3. Do people always wish for things that are good for them to have? Tell me about someone you have heard about.

4. Are we always happy when we get our way?

FOR THE PUPIL WHO READS ON HIS OWN:

Make a wish. What if your wish came true? Do you think you would really be happy? People have always made wishes, but not always have those wishes made them happy. This doesn't mean that it is bad to wish for things, but some people wish for the wrong things. Sometimes people make wishes just because they are greedy. And then there are people who always want what somebody else has. As you read these stories see if you can decide which kind of wish the main character made.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

READINESS SUGGESTIONS:

1. What kind of homes do fishermen usually live in?
2. If you caught a magic fish what do you suppose it could do?

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

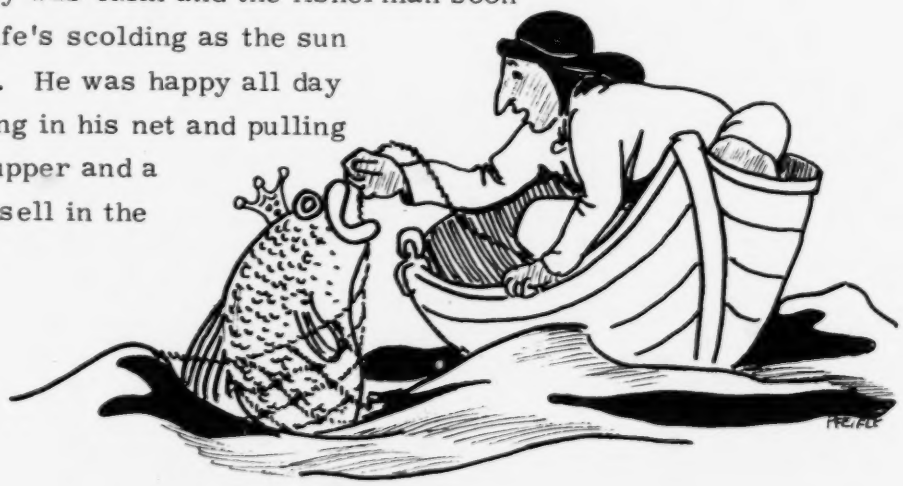
1. What sort of a woman was the wife?
2. Why do you think she was never satisfied?
3. Why do you think the wife made the kind of wishes she made?
4. What might she have safely wished for?
5. If this were a fable, what proverb or moral might you make up for it?

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

nce, long ago, in the days of enchanted castles and magic potions, days when men were changed to frogs and frogs to men by the wave of a magician's wand, an ordinary fisherman went out each day to fish. Every morning as he left, his wife would come to the door of their sod hut and yell, "Just once bring back something worthwhile. I'm tired of this dirt!" Her face would grow red and her stomach would shake beneath her greasy apron as she turned and stomped back into their hut.

The fisherman would leave, hanging his head sadly. He loved the smell of the sea. He loved the sky and the wind. He loved the changes of the seasons, the colors of the flowers, and the dry rustle of fall leaves. "It's a good world for us," he thought, "Why must my wife yell? Why can't she be happy too?" He looked back at the hut. It <u>was</u> made of earth and sod, but its roof and walls were covered with soft green grass and wild-flowers. "Why must my wife wish for more?" he sighed as he walked down to his boat.

The bay was calm and the fisherman soon forgot his wife's scolding as the sun warmed him. He was happy all day long, throwing in his net and pulling in fish for supper and a few extra to sell in the village.



He had just begun filling his pipe to enjoy a quiet smoke before going home, when he felt a great tugging at his net. And then to his surprise he thought he heard a voice. "Let me go!" it called.

He pulled and pulled until the net was in the boat. A large fish was struggling in the net. "Let me go!" the voice said even more clearly. "I will grant any wish you have if you will just put me back in the sea." The fisherman was amazed. "What's this?" he said. "A fish that talks?" And as he looked more closely, he saw a golden crown on the fish's head.

The fish gasped for air and flopped about the bottom of the boat. "I cannot live much longer," he cried. "I will give you anything you want--let me go. I'm not really a fish. I was once a prince but I was bewitched by an evil sorceress."

The fisherman began dropping the net back into the water. "I'll throw you back," he said. "A fish that talks can only bring trouble." He thought with fear of the sorceress. "I want none of your gifts!" he cried.

That evening as the fisherman rowed home he felt troubled. The pleasure of the day was spoiled for him. He tied up his boat, cleaned his catch, and climbed to the hut. As he and his wife ate their supper of fried fish and potatoes he told her of the fish.

"What!" his wife screamed, jumping to her feet and throwing her plate of food across the room. "You had the

chance to have anything you wanted and you let it go--you stupid fool! You go back tomorrow and call to that fish. Get the wish or don't come home! Ask him for a new cottage. I'm tired of living in this dirt pile."

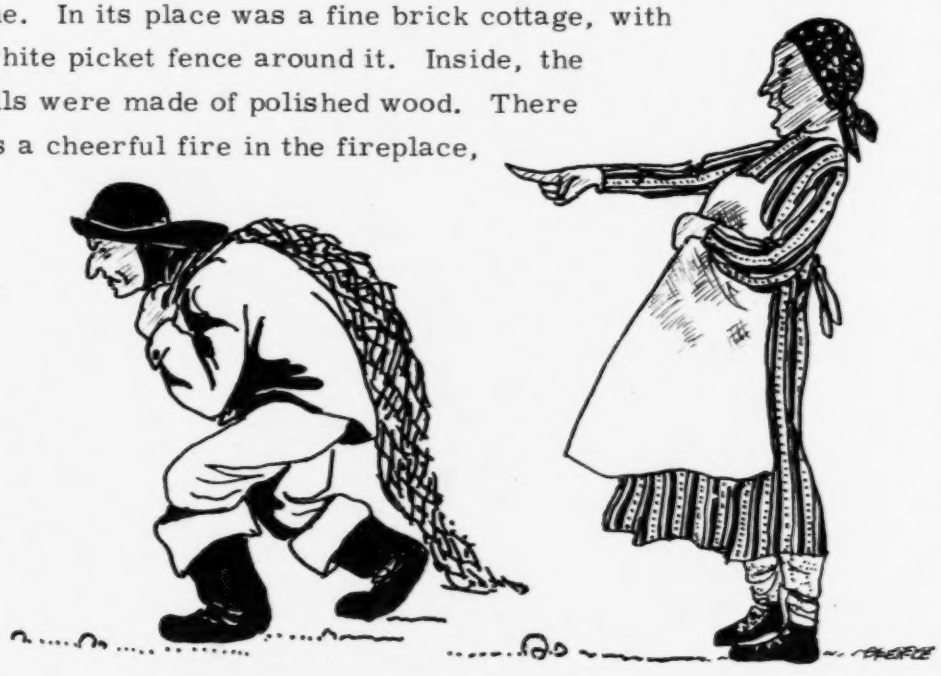
That night the fisherman tossed and turned. He was frightened, but his wife kept telling him that he must ask for the cottage. "We deserve better," she said. "You gave him his life, surely this is little to ask."

The next morning the fisherman rowed slowly out on the bay. Throwing in his anchor, he called out,

Fish, Fish, beneath the sea
Please, I pray you, come to me--
My wife desires a wish of thee
Answer this if prince you be.

A slight wind ruffled the surface of the bay and then the fish rose to the surface of the water. "Your wife's wish is granted," he said, and bowing his head he swam back into the deep sea, the sunlight shining on his crown.

That night when the fisherman returned home the hut was gone. In its place was a fine brick cottage, with a white picket fence around it. Inside, the walls were made of polished wood. There was a cheerful fire in the fireplace,



sparkling glass was in the windows, and braided rugs were on the floor.

"Now," he said, "you must be happy. This is a beautiful place to live. The fish has more than repaid us."

"That is all very well for you to say," his wife exclaimed. "You don't have to stay home all day and work. I've been thinking today that we really deserve more for giving the fish his life. I want a castle to live in, and if you know what's good for you, you will go back tomorrow and ask for this wish to be granted!

"Ah, wife," sighed the fisherman, "I'm afraid to ask for more, but if you insist I will try."

The next day he again rowed out into the bay. The wind was stronger and his arms were tired when he reached the spot where he had caught the fish. Once again he called out,

Fish, Fish, beneath the sea,
Please, I pray you, come to me--
My wife desires a wish of thee
Answer this if prince you be.

The fisherman's boat rocked as the fish leaped from the water and came down again in a great splash. "What does your wife want this time?" the fish asked.

"If you please," the fisherman quaked, "she wants a castle. She says the cottage is not good enough."

"It will be done," the fish said, and vanished into the sea.

That night the fisherman was worried as he went home. "Home," he said sadly. "I felt much happier in the sod hut." He looked at the huge stone castle before him. He entered a great marble-floored hallway and looked up in amazement as his wife, dressed in a silk gown, came down the hall toward him. The sunlight shone through the stained glass windows, throwing gold and purple and red onto the marble. "Surely," he said, "you are satisfied now."

"Husband," she said, patting her hair and admiring the large ring on her finger, "you are always satisfied with too little. What good is a castle if you cannot command people from it? I must be a King! I will be King. Go tomorrow and tell the fish." She waved her hand. "That will be all," she said and walked away from him as if she were King already.

"What will happen to us?" the fisherman moaned. "I can't keep asking the fish for more and more. But what can I do? My wife will have her own way." He hung his head and walked downstairs to the kitchen and sat by the fire where he felt more comfortable.

The sky was full of heavy gray clouds as the fisherman rowed once more to the spot where he had spoken with the fish. Once more he called out. This time great waves rose and nearly filled his boat with water. The waves rocked the boat so violently that he almost turned over.

"What does your wife want this time?" the fish asked as he held his head out of the waves. The sun shone on his eyes, making them burn like coals when the fire has died down.

"She wants to be King," the fisherman said. "I don't agree with her, believe me, but she insists that she must be King."

"She shall get her wish," the fish said, and once again dove beneath the waves.

That night the fisherman was met at the door of the castle by ten soldiers in armor. They had swords at their side, and they carried sharp spears which they pointed at him. "Beggars can see the King in the morning. Move on or we'll hang you up to decorate the wall."

"Let him pass!" cried the fisherman's wife. "I want to have a word with him. Come here, you worthless man," she cried. "What good is being King? I want to be Emperor--to control many lands. It is in the fish's power, and I want you to go tomorrow and demand it. You will obey me!" She tossed her head and stalked away. Now and then her crown slipped over one ear as she walked.

The next day passed like those before. The storm that had been rising for days increased. Thunder beat against the sky, which split in lightning streaks. Again the fish came when the fisherman called, and again granted his request. But the fisherman felt nothing but misery. "My wife will never be satisfied," he thought. "What will she make me ask for next?"

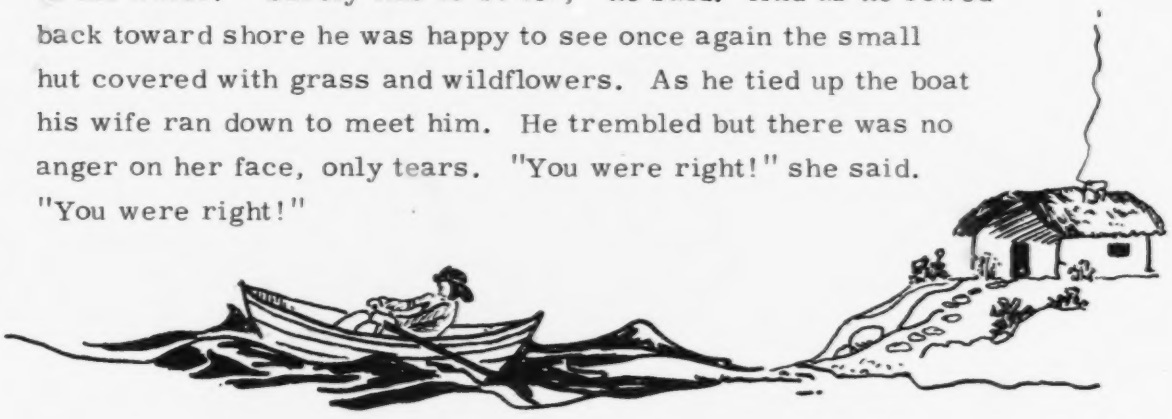
"It is not enough," his Emperor wife called as he climbed toward the castle. "It is not enough to be Emperor. I want one more thing and then I won't ask for more. There will be nothing more to ask!" and she laughed and the people around her throne bowed and smiled. "I am Emperor now, but I want to be LORD OF THE UNIVERSE."

"Go!" she said. "Do not argue with your Emperor. I command you to ask."

The fisherman knew he had no choice, but as he rowed out the next day he saw that the storm was getting worse. It looked as if a hurricane were approaching. The trees bent almost to the ground with the force of the wind. The waves poured into his boat and he overturned.

Suddenly, the fish was by his side. "I will save your life," the fish said, "because you saved mine. But for your wife I have no pity. I know her wish already. She has gone too far. She shall have nothing!" he exclaimed and disappeared for the last time into the sea.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the sky cleared, the sun came out, and the waves went down. To his great surprise the fisherman found himself back in his boat with his pipe in his hand and his nets in the water. "Surely this is better," he said. And as he rowed back toward shore he was happy to see once again the small hut covered with grass and wildflowers. As he tied up the boat his wife ran down to meet him. He trembled but there was no anger on her face, only tears. "You were right!" she said. "You were right!"



And from then on,
the fisherman and
his wife lived a
simple, happy life
in their little sod
hut by the shore of
the sea.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

READINESS SUGGESTIONS:

1. Do you think rich people are always happy? Why?

2. What stories have you read that tell about someone who was very rich?

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

1. What kind of a person was King Midas at the beginning of the story?

2. What kind of a person was he at the end?

3. What changed him?

4. Midas found that his daughter was more important than money. Name some things you think are more important than money.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

King Midas was probably the richest man that ever lived. He had more treasure than anyone in the world, but his most prized treasure of all was his lovely daughter, Marigold. She was the one thing he loved more than his gold.

When the King wasn't collecting new treasure, he was busy counting the mountains of riches that he already had. Marigold kept herself busy tending her father's beautiful flower gardens. Once King Midas himself could have been found taking care of the gardens, but no more--not since his first taste of gold. After that, he cared for little but the shining sight of gold. From the garden Marigold could hear him high up in his tower--the golden coins clinking together as he stacked them in tall piles, clink by clink.

One afternoon, King Midas's counting was interrupted. A shadow fell suddenly across the table. He looked up to the window and there stood a strange man in a beam of golden sunlight. The stranger did not wait for Midas to question him.

"King Midas," he said, "I have heard of your great golden riches and have come to marvel at them for myself." The King did not know quite what to do with this very odd little man but he said, "I guarantee you shall not be disappointed."

And he gave the man a tour of all his treasures. When they finished, hours later, the King gave out a great sigh and said, "But you cannot imagine how long it has taken me to collect all of this. It takes so much time away from my counting."

The stranger was very surprised by the King's tone of regret. "But surely it was worth it," he said. "Of course," the King answered, "but I always want more and it is getting harder and harder to find any gold at all."

"What then," asked the stranger, "would it take to satisfy you?" The King thought about this for a long time, wondering just what would finally satisfy him. Then he answered, "If only. . . if only I could just touch things and that would turn them to gold!"

The man in the sunbeam was delighted by the idea. "You mean to say that you would like to have a Golden Touch?" "Yes!" cried the King, "that would make me very happy indeed!" "And you would have no regrets?" asked the stranger. "Oh none, none," the King assured him. "Then I should have everything I ever wanted." Then the stranger said, "You shall have your wish. Tomorrow morning you will wake up with the power of the Golden Touch." And the strange little man vanished in the beam of sunlight.

And sure enough, when the King awoke the next morning he found the stranger's words to be. . . as good as gold. The King's eyes opened and under his hand the bedspread had become solid gold.

"Wonderful!" he shouted and sprang out of bed. As he touched his clothing the cloth turned golden. He stepped in front of the mirror. "This is too good to be true!" he said and reached out to touch his magnificent golden image. The glass mirror became a solid sheet of gold in which he could no longer see himself. "Oh well," the King said, "one should expect a few disadvantages."

He ran to the door and opened it: the knob became a smooth golden nugget. At the end of the hall he put his hand on a book: its pages became thin golden leaves. He laughed with delight. He raced out to the garden; he could not resist trying out this Golden Touch on the flowers. He strutted between the beautiful roses, not even noticing their lovely scent. He reached out and turned their fragile petals into solid gold.

"No more hunting for treasure. No more wasting my time. Now I can just <u>grow</u> all the gold I want!" And he danced back into the palace for breakfast. The dining room table became a solid slab of gold under his touch. The chair he sat down in turned to gold. He picked up his knife and fork. . . his beautiful knife and fork of gold.

Just as he was about to put a bite of food in his mouth, Marigold came rushing into the room crying, "Father! Oh Father!

Look what dreadful thing has happened to the flowers. The petals are solid gold and they have lost their beautiful scent. They might as well be dead!"

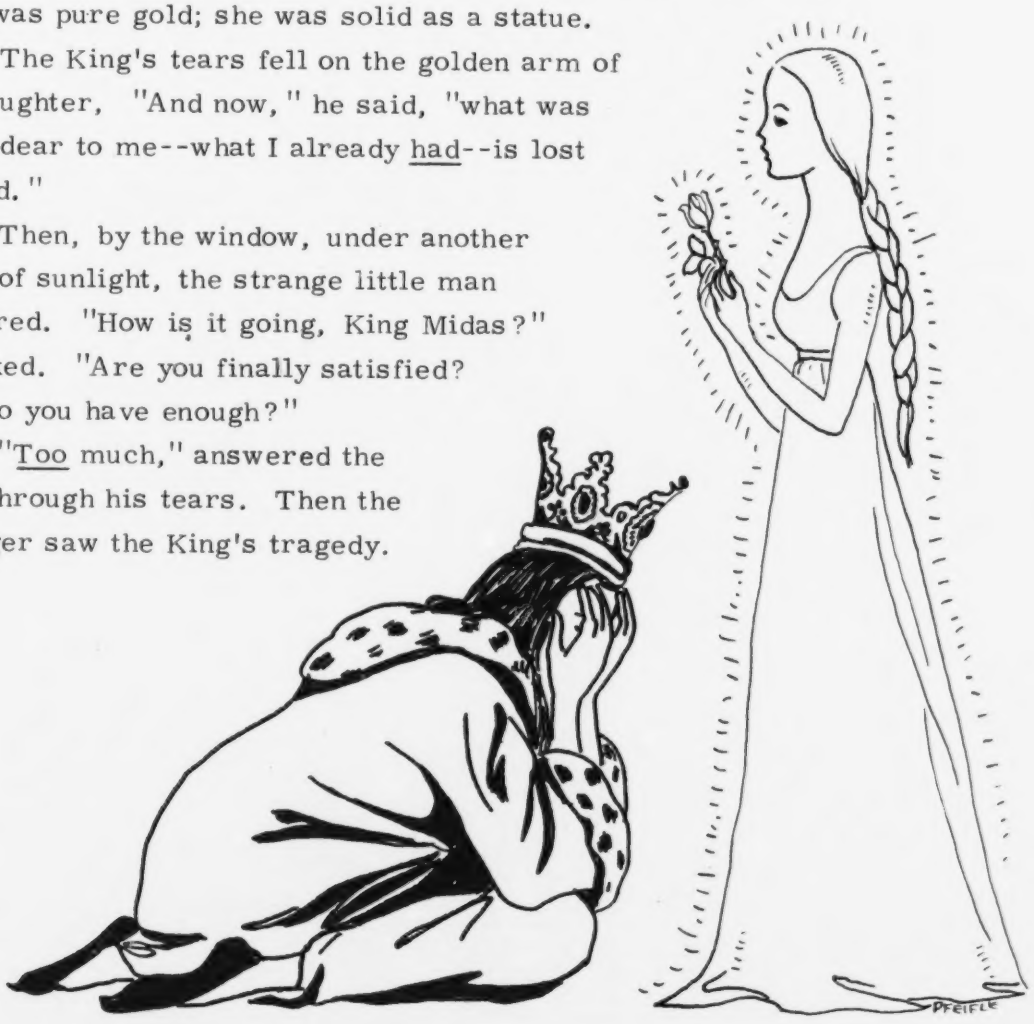
Suddenly the King felt very bad about what he had done; he did not like seeing his daughter so sad. "And look!" she cried out, pointing to his food, "your <u>food</u> has become solid gold!" The King threw the spoiled food down and cried out, "Oh no! Of course. . . even my food! It will always turn to gold and I shall starve to death."

Marigold ran to his side to comfort him. "My precious daughter," said the King, "what shall I do?" But she did not answer; she could not. The King looked up and saw why: her body was pure gold; she was solid as a statue.

The King's tears fell on the golden arm of his daughter, "And now," he said, "what was <u>most</u> dear to me--what I already <u>had</u>--is lost in gold."

Then, by the window, under another beam of sunlight, the strange little man appeared. "How is it going, King Midas?" he asked. "Are you finally satisfied? Now do you have enough?"

"<u>Too</u> much," answered the King through his tears. Then the stranger saw the King's tragedy.



"But maybe you have learned something from all of this," he said, trying to comfort the King. "Yes," answered the King, "that gold is not everything. But I am afraid," he said, turning to the statue that was once his daughter, "I have learned too late."

"Perhaps," said the stranger. "But tell me, King Midas, which would you say is better, pure gold or pure water?"

"Oh water, water!" answered the King.

"Bars of gold, or let us say, loaves of bread?"

"Bread to be sure," said the King.

"The sparkle of gold or the sweet scent of roses?"

"Oh, the sweet, sweet scent of beautiful roses!"

"A golden statue or a living girl?"

"My daughter, my living daughter!" the King cried out.

Seeing that the King was now truly wiser, the stranger said, "In order to turn things back to their proper selves you must go down to the river and wash yourself in the clear stream. Then you must fill a jug with water and sprinkle it over what you have turned to gold."

The King did not waste time. He quickly ran down to the river and threw himself into its clear water. Filling the jug, he raced back to the palace and sprinkled everything his Golden Touch had ruined. Then he tipped the jug over the golden head of his daughter. Slowly her arms began to move. She was alive again! The King was happier than he had ever been in his life. He reached out and touched her soft, warm face. She smiled.

The only thing that remained golden was Marigold's beautiful hair. This was to remind King Midas of his folly. Except for her hair, the King would always hate even the sight of gold. He had finally learned that the things of this world are beautiful, just the way they are.

THE TALE OF TWO NEIGHBORS
and
THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

READINESS SUGGESTIONS:

In the olden days travelers sometimes stopped at houses after a long weary day. People would often invite them in for a bite to eat and even offer to give them a place to sleep for the night. Sometimes the visitor brought good luck.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

1. Are rich people always selfish? Why?

2. Why did the rich neighbor refuse to give the traveler lodging for the night?

3. Do you think the poor neighbor expected a reward for his kindness? Why or why not?

4. What did the rich neighbor think would happen with her wishes?

5. Why did you think the rich neighbor's wishes turned out so badly?

6. What does it mean: "In a village everyone lives in his neighbor's pocket"?

"The Tale of Two Neighbors," from A Treasury of French Folk Tales by Henri Pourrat, trans. Mary Mian. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1954.

THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN

Late one summer afternoon an old traveller stood leaning on his cane, looking down the road ahead, in hopes of seeing an inn. He was tired, for he had walked long and far that day. In the distance he saw, not an inn, but two houses, one on either side of the road. One house was large and very grand indeed. The other was small and humble.

"I shall ask at the large house for food and lodging," thought the man as he began to walk towards it. "Surely the master of that fine house will take me in."

The old traveller knocked on the big front door. After a few moments, the master of the house flung open the upstairs shutters and yelled down, "Who's there?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am a weary traveller seeking lodging for this one night, and a bit of supper too, if you please."

The master noticed the old man's ragged clothes.

"No room in here, old man. My house is filled with treasures from all over the world. There is no room in here for the shaggy likes of you."

With that the master closed the shutters with a bang.

"Well," thought the tired traveller, "I shall have to try the small house across the way, although I expect the master there has no room for me either. It is such a tiny house."

The old man leaned heavily on his cane and slowly made his way over to the small house. As soon as he had knocked on the door, a kindly looking man opened it. And before the old traveller could say a word, the man said, "You poor fellow! You look terribly tired. Come in and warm yourself by our fire."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied the grateful traveller.

The owner of the house led the old man over to the fireplace and made him sit in the only armchair.

"Wife, get something to eat for our guest. He must be very hungry," said the man.

The wife was glad to share what little food they had with the old traveller. She made some biscuits and milked the cow so the traveller could have fresh milk.

As the old traveller sat and ate his meal, the man and his wife spoke softly to one another.

"Let us give our guest the mattress to sleep on. Surely he would like a soft bed after his long day's journey."

"Yes, and we can spread out some straw to sleep on."

The traveller politely refused the poor couple's offer of their mattress, but the host insisted.

And so, warm and full and comfortable, the old man settled down for a good night's sleep.

The next morning the wife arose early from her bed of straw. She fed and milked the cow, and prepared as fine a breakfast as she could with the little food she had in her cupboards. The host also arose early. He brought in wood and built a fire to warm up the tiny house before their guest awoke.

After the old traveller had finished his breakfast, he thanked the poor couple for their generosity.

"To repay you for your kindness, I should like to grant you any three wishes you desire."

"Oh," cried the host, realizing their guest was no ordinary man, "I wish that my wife and I will have good health for the rest of our lives, and I wish that we will always be happy."

"Those are two wise wishes indeed," said the traveller. "They shall be granted."

"And for the third wish," said the wife, looking around her, "we should like a fine big house to spend the rest of our years in."

At once the small house vanished. In its place appeared a fine, large house with thick soft carpets, and many rooms full of beautiful furniture.

"And now," said the traveller, "I must be on my way."

"Thank you! Thank you very much!" the man and his wife said as the old traveller walked down the steps of the new front porch.

Later that morning the rich man across the way woke up and threw open his shutters. Imagine his surprise when across the way he saw a large house, finer than his own, instead of the little one that he was used to seeing!

The rich man called his wife to the window.

"Look over there!" he said. "How could such a thing have happened overnight? Get over to that house and find out how such a thing came about!"

His wife went across to the poor man's house. There she learned of the old traveller and of the three wishes. When she

returned and told her husband the story, the greedy fellow decided to follow the traveller and get three wishes for himself.

He ordered his wife to saddle his horse immediately while he dressed. Then, as soon as he could, he started down the road where the traveller had gone. After riding hard for an hour or two, the rich man caught sight of the traveller ahead on the road.

"Hello there!" shouted the rich man in his most friendly voice.

The old traveller stopped and looked around.

"I rode all this way to tell you I'm sorry for turning you away last evening. You see, I mistook you for an old enemy of mine. You understand, don't you?" said the rich man as he caught up with the old traveller.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the traveller. "I fared quite well, thank you. And now I must be on my way."

The old man started to walk on.

"No! Wait!" cried the rich man. "My neighbor says you gave him three wishes. I'd like three wishes too."

The traveller stopped once more, and thought a moment.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't make very good use of three wishes," he said.

"Oh, but I would!" exclaimed the greedy fellow. "I would indeed!"

"I'm not at all sure of that," replied the old man, "but very well. You may have three wishes."

"I shall think very carefully before I make my first wish," the rich man called after the traveller, as the old man continued

on his way. And to himself the rich man added, "I want to make sure I get everything I can out of each wish."

The rich man looked around for his horse, who was grazing a safe distance away from the whip his owner held in his hand. When the man called, the horse would not come, for it meant to keep a long way from the whip.

"Come here!" the master ordered in his harshest voice.

Still the horse would not come. As the man approached him, the horse backed away, and would not let his master get near.

Finally the master lost his temper.

"I wish you were dead, you good-for-nothing old mule!" he shouted.

Immediately the horse fell to the ground and lay still.

"What have I done?" cried the rich man. "I've used up one wish already. I must take care to choose my second and third wishes more wisely."

The man walked over to the dead horse. He lifted off the saddle and put it on his head to carry it home.

"Shall I wish for all the money in the world?" he asked himself as he walked along, balancing the saddle on his head. "No, that is not enough for one wish. I want to get more from it."

After a short while, the saddle got heavy on the rich man's head. He grew more and more ill-tempered under its weight. A picture of his soft rocking chair at home flashed into his head. In his mind's eye he saw his wife sitting in his chair and resting. This made him so angry that he said, "Humph! I wish she had this saddle stuck on her head instead of me having to carry it.!

Immediately the saddle disappeared from the rich man's head.

Realizing what had happened, the rich man thought, "My second wish is gone now. I need to get everything I want into my third wish."

When he reached his house, he found his wife sitting in the middle of the living room floor, the saddle stuck to her head. She was very angry indeed.

"Get this thing off of me," she yelled, as he walked in.

The husband pulled with all his strength, but the saddle remained stuck on his wife's head.

"You get this off of me!" she cried. "Get it off!"

"But I've only one wish left," he protested.

"I don't care. I don't want to live the rest of my life with a saddle on my head!" she screamed, louder than ever.

"My saddle is no good to me when it is stuck on her head," thought the rich man to himself, "and she'll keep yelling if I leave it there."

"All right," he said out loud, "I wish the saddle off your head."

So it was just as the old traveller had said. The rich man had used up his three wishes foolishly and was miserable because of it. Across the way the poor man and his wife lived happily till the end of their days, in their fine house.

UNIT REVIEW

1. Name the character which was responsible for making the wishes come true in each of the stories in this group.

"The Fisherman and His Wife" (a magic fish)
"The Golden Touch" (strange man in a beam of golden sunlight)
"The Tale of Two Neighbors" (a traveler)
"The Poor Man and the Rich Man" (a traveler)

2. Illustrate the characters in number 1 above.

3. Choose one of the stories and make a movie about it. Arrange your pictures so you can tell your friends what happened as you move the pictures along. (Hint: A grocery store box with a roller on each end can be used for your movie.)

4. Think about some wishes you could make that would be good if they came true.

5. Write a story telling how a boy or girl made a foolish wish. Decide first if your person made his wish because he

(a) was greedy.

(b) really needed something.

(c) wanted what somebody else had.

III. UNLIKELY SUCCESSES

STORIES:

1. "Yuan-Tse"
2. "Three Golden Hairs from the Devil's Beard"
3. "The Poor Man Who Became Rich Again Through a Dream"
4. "The Land Ship"

GENERAL ANALYSIS:

We live in a changing world, and very little seems certain. Perhaps this is one reason why fairy tales live on, even in adult minds, because in these stories all that fantasy imagines could happen, if the world were a better place to be, does happen. The poor man, through a set of fortunate circumstances, becomes rich. The wicked stepmother is outdone, and the courageous young lad manages to win the beautiful princess. These themes are found in the collection of stories we have chosen to represent the motif of unlikely successes.

Sympathy comes easily for the individual who, because of unfortunate circumstances, has not got his fair share of life's rewards. What boy has not imagined himself strong enough and brave enough to outwit all competitors in an attempt to gain something he wants? Is there a little girl who has not imagined herself playing the role of Cinderella and becoming the most beautiful of princesses? When children are asked to name their favorite wishes, almost always one wish is to become rich. The universal yearning to have a better life, to rise someday above the problems and disappointments of the present, to become a success lies in the heart of every child. This is as it should be; it is part of human nature.

In order to make this group of stories into a unified lesson, it might be a good idea to set up the following chart which your class can complete as they read the stories. The idea will be to see how each story illustrates the general motif: unlikely success.

Main Character	Problem to Overcome	How He/She Was Successful

Underneath the chart list the following questions:

1. How are the main characters alike?
2. How are these problems different from real-life problems?
3. Do we overcome our problems in the same way?

Before beginning the unit you will also want to refer to the various activities suggested after each story. Some of them require materials which your children can be collecting. (See "Three Golden Hairs.") You may also need to locate such things as flannel boards, records, and art equipment.

The questions are designed so that individual children can peruse them on their own, or you may use them with small groups or with the class as a whole. As the children become more mature, they will be learning to diagram the important events in a specific story. Questions which ask them to think of the most exciting part of the story will help them later to identify the story climax. Various activities suggested will help them to think of the events in sequential order--good background for later diagramming of story structure.

READINESS SUGGESTIONS:

1. Has anyone ever told you that you couldn't do a certain thing, but you were pretty sure it could be done? Tell about it.

2. What are the most important things a person needs to remember if he wants to be successful at something? (Work hard, stick to a job once begun, etc.)

YUAN-TSE

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

1. What story you have heard before does this remind you of? How is this story different? How is it the same?

2. What part of the story do you think was the most exciting for Yuan-Tse? Tell why.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:

1. One day you are walking along a river, when what should you discover but some fish bones. Pretend they are the same bones that brought Yuan-Tse good luck. Write a story to tell what exciting adventure you might have.

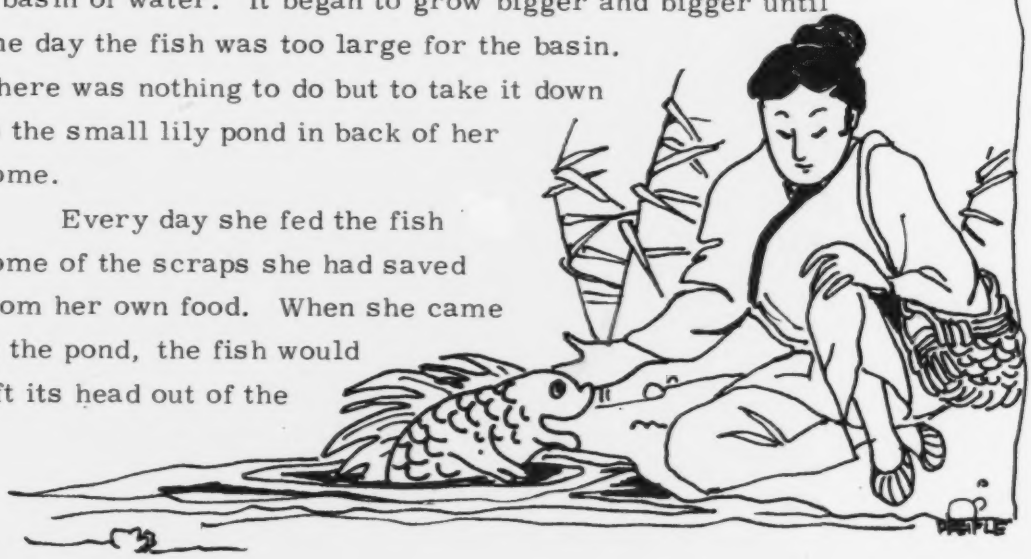
2. There is a play in the Drama strand about an Indian princess. This would be a good time to try it.

YUAN-TSE

Once in a far off province, there lived a man named Wang. He married two women, but one of them died. Before she left this earth she gave him a lovely daughter named Yuan-Tse. The years that passed saw Yuan-Tse become a very lovely maiden, and they saw Wang become a very old man.

Wang lived a long and happy life. But as happens, one day he too died, and Yuan-Tse was left alone with Wang's second wife. This woman was very cruel and often beat Yuan-Tse and made her work long hours in the rice fields.

One day the wicked mother sent Yuan-Tse down to the river to catch fish for supper. It wasn't long before the young girl caught a beautiful red fish which was only two inches long. Yuan-Tse quickly took the fish home and placed it in a basin of water. It began to grow bigger and bigger until one day the fish was too large for the basin. There was nothing to do but to take it down to the small lily pond in back of her home.



Every day she fed the fish some of the scraps she had saved from her own food. When she came to the pond, the fish would lift its head out of the

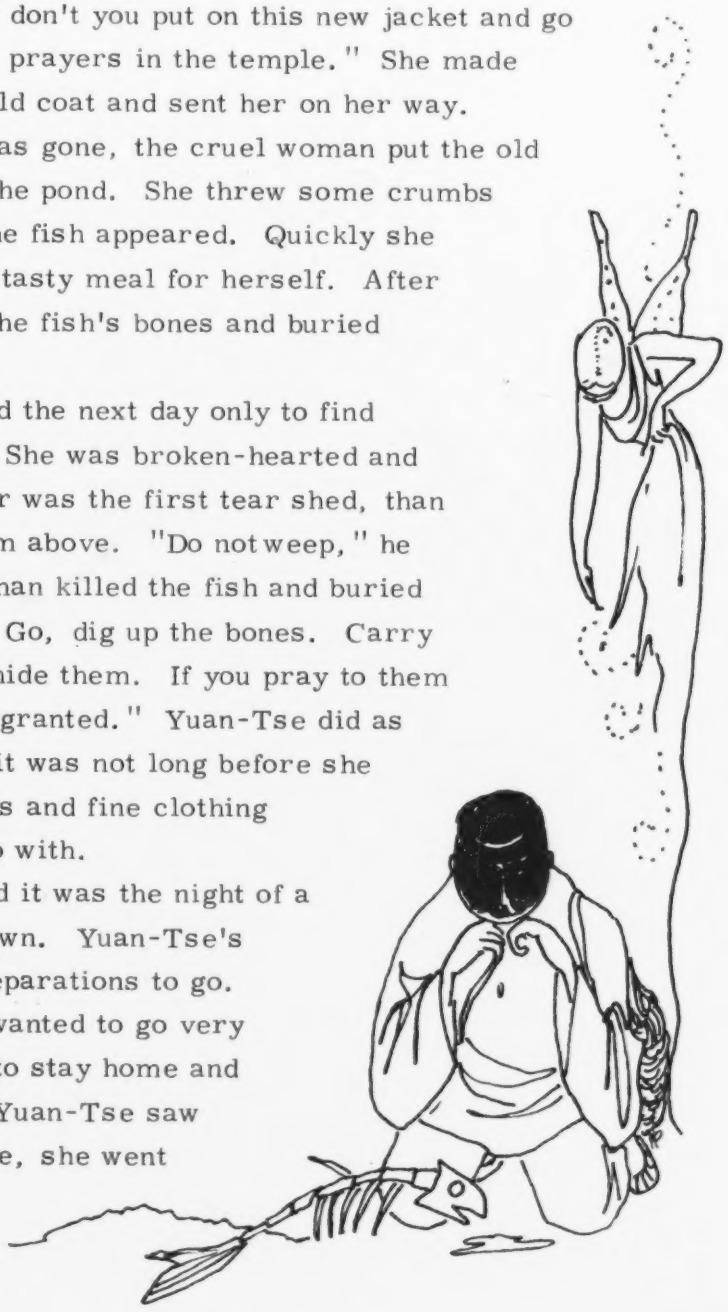
water and eagerly eat the tiny morsels from Yuan-Tse's hand. If anyone else came near the water's edge the fish would not appear.

Yuan-Tse's second mother noticed this strange behavior and decided to try to get the fish to come up for her. Although she waited for many days, nothing happened. Finally she decided to play a trick on Yuan-Tse. "You must be tired from so much work," she said. "Why don't you put on this new jacket and go to the next town to offer prayers in the temple." She made Yuan-Tse take off her old coat and sent her on her way.

When Yuan-Tse was gone, the cruel woman put the old coat on and hurried to the pond. She threw some crumbs on the water and soon the fish appeared. Quickly she killed it and prepared a tasty meal for herself. After she had eaten she took the fish's bones and buried them in a dunghill.

Yuan-Tse returned the next day only to find that her fish was dead. She was broken-hearted and began to cry. No sooner was the first tear shed, than an angel came down from above. "Do not weep," he said. "That wicked woman killed the fish and buried its bones in a dunghill. Go, dig up the bones. Carry them to your room and hide them. If you pray to them your every wish will be granted." Yuan-Tse did as the angel had said, and it was not long before she had more gold and jewels and fine clothing than she knew what to do with.

Weeks passed, and it was the night of a special festival in the town. Yuan-Tse's second mother made preparations to go. The young maiden also wanted to go very much, but she was told to stay home and clean the house. When Yuan-Tse saw that her mother was gone, she went

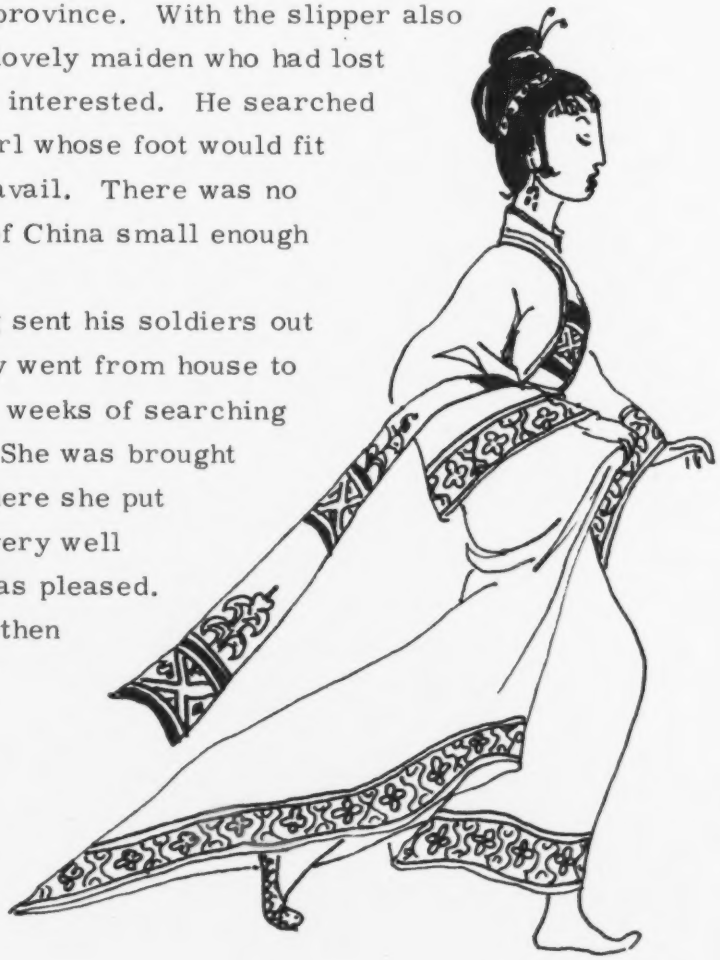


through her fine clothing and put on a beautiful green silk dress and went to the festival.

There she danced the night away and was very gay. Suddenly she had a feeling that someone was watching her. She turned around and there stood the mother staring as though she might know this lovely young maiden. Before anyone had a chance to find out who she really was Yuan-Tse ran away. She left in such a hurry that she lost one of her slippers in the crowd. When her mother returned later that night she found Yuan-Tse in her old rags sleeping soundly. She was sure that the girl she had seen at the festival could not have been Yuan-Tse.

Time passed, and the slipper found its way into the hands of the king of another province. With the slipper also came the story of the lovely maiden who had lost it. The king was very interested. He searched high and low for the girl whose foot would fit the slipper, but to no avail. There was no foot except one in all of China small enough to fit.

Finally, the king sent his soldiers out with the slipper. They went from house to house, and after many weeks of searching Yuan-Tse was found. She was brought before the king, and there she put the slipper on. It fit very well indeed, and the king was pleased. He married Yuan-Tse then and there and sent for her belongings.



Among the fine clothes and jewels was the pile of fishbones. The king was nearly ready to throw them away, but Yuan-Tse showed him that the bones could grant anything his heart desired. He asked the fishbones for so many things that they finally stopped granting wishes. So he took the bones and buried them near the sea. In a short time the tide washed them away and they never have been seen to this day.

THREE GOLDEN HAIRS FROM THE DEVIL'S BEARD

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

1. What do you think happened to the king?

2. There is a magic number in this story. Can you find two different times it is used? (Three hairs, three adventures before Fortunato reaches the devil's cottage) What other stories have you read where this number is a part of the tale?

3. Suppose the old woman had not helped Fortunato. How else might he have gotten the three golden hairs?

4. What part of the story did you think was the most exciting? Why did you choose that part?

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:

1. It would be fun to tell this story to another group by making some of the things that were important in the story. Use them at the proper time when you tell the story. What are the four most important things you could make? (A well, an apple tree, a ferryboat, three golden hairs) You could use scraps of wood, tin cans, small branches from a tree. What might be useful for the three golden hairs?

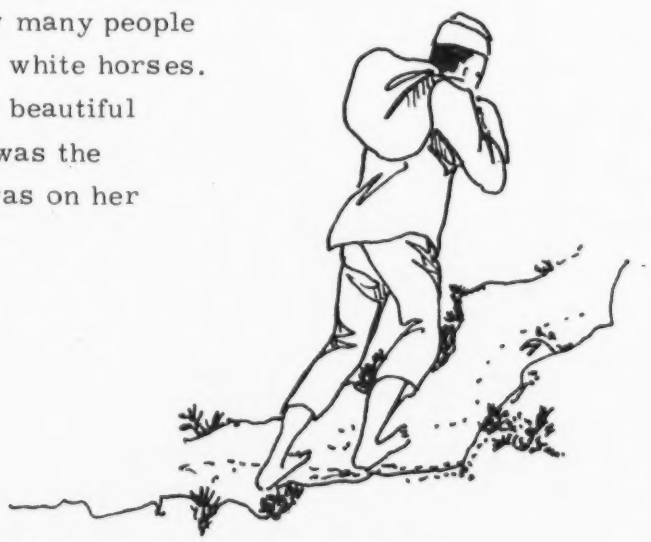
2. Write a short story to tell what happened to the king.

THREE GOLDEN HAIRS FROM THE DEVIL'S BEARD

Once, in a land far away and long ago, there was an only son born to a poor peasant and his wife. Those who could tell fortunes said the boy was born under a lucky star and one day he would wed the king's daughter. For this reason his parents named him Fortunato.

The passing years were very hard on Fortunato and his parents, because they were so poor. Often, there was not even a potato for their table. Fortunato saw then that it would be better if there were one less hungry mouth. So he left home to seek his fortune.

He went far and wide looking for work and finally he came to a great city. He had no sooner passed through the gates when he saw many people and a grand coach with twelve white horses. Inside the coach was the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. It was the princess of the land and she was on her way to the palace.

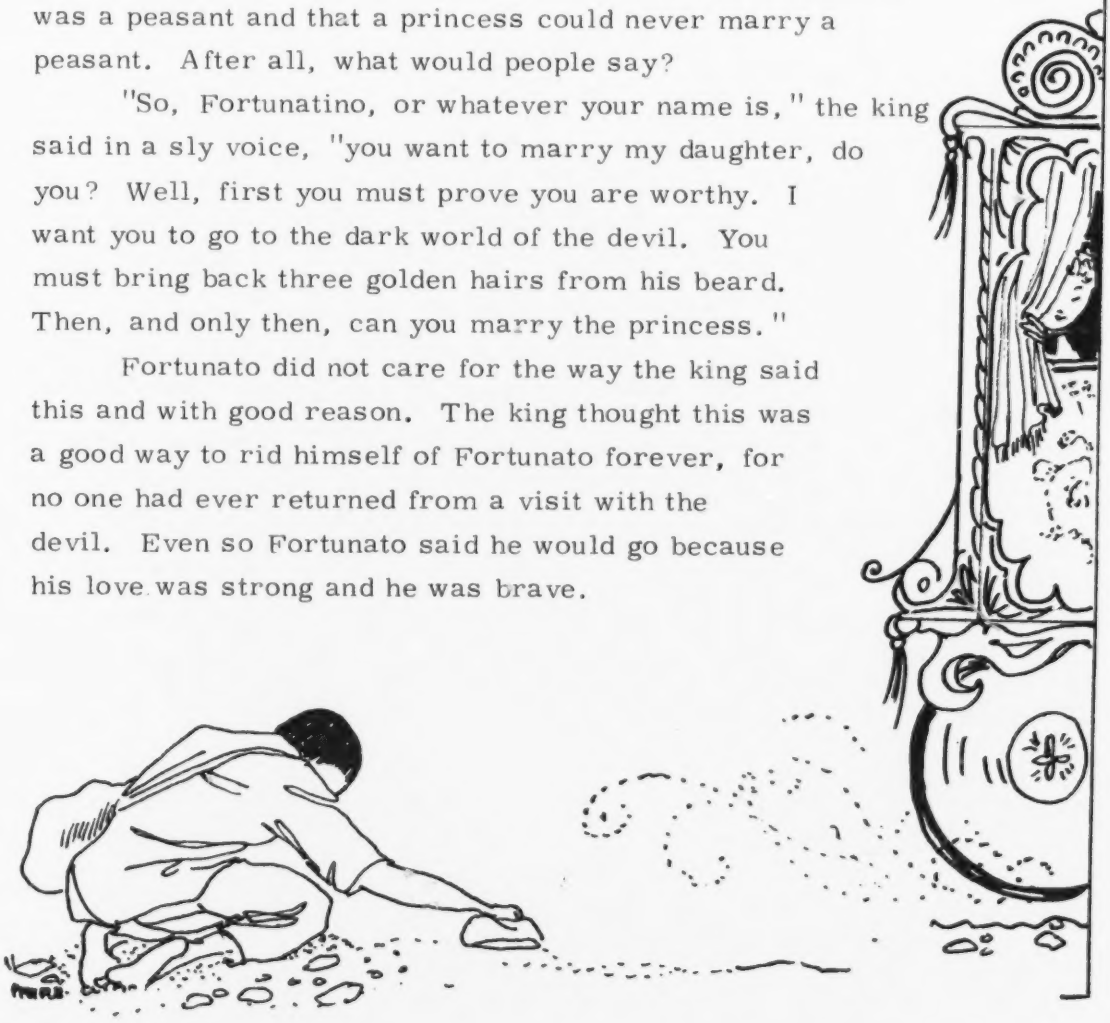


As the coach passed, Fortunato took off his hat and bowed low. The princess saw him and smiled, and that was all it took. The starlight that fell when Fortunato was born fell again. They both knew it was love at first sight. The princess bade him come with her and meet her father, the king. Fortunato could not agree fast enough.

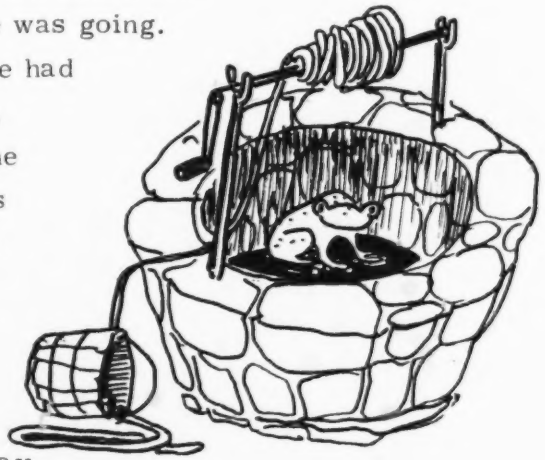
Alas, the king was not at all pleased. He did not care much for such things as love. He knew only that Fortunato was a peasant and that a princess could never marry a peasant. After all, what would people say?

"So, Fortunatino, or whatever your name is," the king said in a sly voice, "you want to marry my daughter, do you? Well, first you must prove you are worthy. I want you to go to the dark world of the devil. You must bring back three golden hairs from his beard. Then, and only then, can you marry the princess."

Fortunato did not care for the way the king said this and with good reason. The king thought this was a good way to rid himself of Fortunato forever, for no one had ever returned from a visit with the devil. Even so Fortunato said he would go because his love was strong and he was brave.



After a ride of many days, Fortunato came to a small town in the woods. The people of the town asked him where he came from and where he was going. He told them his story and when he had finished one of the townsmen said, "Perhaps you can help us. Ask the devil why our fountain of youth has gone dry. For thirty years it has not given one drop and we are growing old." "You shall have your answer," promised Fortunato, "but not until I return." And he hurried on his way.



It was not long before he came to another town. Again the people were curious about his journey and asked him a favor. "When you see the devil, would you ask him why our tree which once gave golden apples now gives nothing but dry leaves?" Fortunato said he would help if he could and off he rode.

Many days later the young lad came to a deep, wide river. There he saw a ferryman. "Hello and good morrow, boatman," said Fortunato. "Hello and good morrow yourself, lad," the boatman replied. "Where did you come from and where are you going?"

Fortunato told the ferryman his story. When he had finished the ferryman said, "When you see the devil ask why I have been stuck on this ferry for thirty years. Promise to ask and I'll ferry you across the river." Fortunato agreed and the ferryman's swift boat soon reached the

other shore. They said good morrow again and Fortunato set off once more.

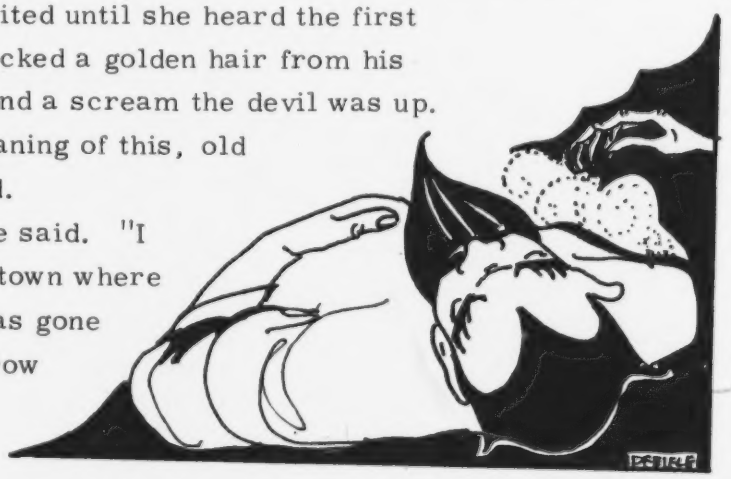
Soon he found himself in a very dark forest. The trees were so thick that none of the sun's light could reach the ground. He knew that this was surely the forest of the devil. On he went until he came to a black cottage in a small clearing. When he knocked on the door it creaked open ever so slowly, and an old woman peeked out. "Who are you, and what do you want here?" she asked.

Fortunato told her of the fountain of youth, the tree with the golden apples and the ferryman. Then he told her of his love for the princess and the king's demand. The old woman shed a tiny tear. "I was in love myself once," she said. "But now I am forced to be housekeeper for the devil. You have made a very difficult request, but I will see what I can do for you. You'd better hide, for if the devil finds you it will go very badly for you."

No sooner had Fortunato hidden himself than the devil came in with a puff of black smoke. He turned around once, twice, three times, and then he put his head on the old woman's lap. In a short time he was sound asleep. There, sure enough, in the middle of his black pointed beard were the three golden hairs. The woman waited until she heard the first snore and then she plucked a golden hair from his beard. With a snort and a scream the devil was up.

"What is the meaning of this, old woman!?" he bellowed.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was dreaming about a town where the fountain of youth has gone dry. All the people grow old."



"Fools. All they have to do is kill the frog I put in the well, and their fountain will flow again. Now let me sleep." With that he settled down and slept again. A second time the woman plucked a hair. "What is it now?" he screamed.

"Another dream," she said. "I dreamed this time of a tree that no longer bears golden apples, and all the people grow old."

"More fools! All they need to do is kill the mole I put there to gnaw on the root of the tree."

Once more he slept and once more she pulled out a golden hair. "Old woman," said the devil in a rage, "if you wake me one more time, I will beat you with a stick. Now what is it this time?"

"Oh, please forgive me, but I was dreaming of a poor boatman who is stuck on his ferry and cannot get off."

"Simpleton," said the devil, "all he need do is jump off the next time someone gets in."

Now that the old woman had plucked the three golden hairs from the devil's beard, she let him sleep in peace. Fortunato then slipped from his hiding place, took the hairs from the old woman and kissed her hand. Mounting his horse he rode as fast as he could. When he came to the ferryman he said, "I know the secret of your freedom. But first, you must ferry me and my horse across the river." The ferryman was more than willing to do this. When they got to the other side, Fortunato jumped ashore. He turned back to the

ferryman and called, "The next one to ride on your ferry shall take your place. All you need do is jump off. Good morrow, sir."

Next he came to the town of the apple tree. He told them about the mole gnawing at the root of the tree. The people were so thankful they gave him a large sum of money. He then rode to the town of the fountain and told them of the frog which was in their well. Here, the people were so grateful that they gave Fortunato ten trunks of gold and ten horses to carry the trunks.

There was no time to lose, for he missed the princess very much. Soon he arrived at the palace. The king was very surprised to see Fortunato, and even more so to see the money and the gold and horses. Yet, he had given his word and he was bound by it. So it was, then, that Fortunato and the princess were wed and the fortune came true.

Ah, but this is not the end of the story. The king became so jealous of Fortunato's money and gold that he tricked Fortunato into telling how he got it. But the young lad was not as foolish as the king thought. He told the king of the tree with the golden apples and of the town with the fountain of youth. But he said nothing about the ferryman. The king was so filled with greed that he mounted his horse and rode off at once. You can probably guess what happened to the king when he reached the ferryman.

THE POOR MAN WHO BECAME RICH AGAIN THROUGH A DREAM

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

1. What mistake did the captain make?

2. What do you think the captain would say or do if he found out about the luck of the poor man?

3. If this story had a moral (as fables do) what do you think it might be? ("Pay no attention to a stranger's advice," or "Sometimes one finds great treasure in his own back yard.")

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:

1. Story ideas:

   (a) Write another chapter called "The Return of the Captain."

   (b) Write about a time when you had bad luck and later it turned out very well.

2. You can find other stories like this one in a book called THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Ask your librarian to help you.

THE POOR MAN WHO BECAME RICH AGAIN THROUGH A DREAM

Prologue

In ancient Arabia there once lived a king by the name of Shahryar. He was a good king, except for one bad habit. Every night he would marry a beautiful maiden; and the next morning, he would have her head chopped off. This went on for many years; and many maidens' lives stopped before their proper times.

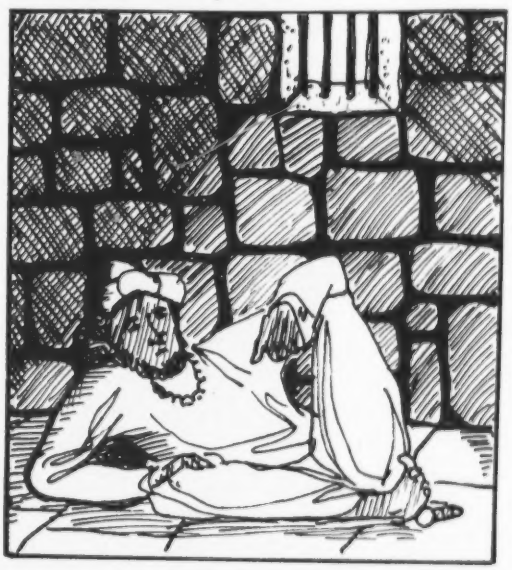
Late one spring, however, the king decided that the lovely maiden Shahrazad would be his wife. Shahrazad was not like the other maidens that the king had married before. She was clever and wise. On the night of the wedding, just before the dawn, she began to tell the king a story. The king was so interested in the tale that when the sun rose over the palace he forgot about beheading her. The next night Shahrazad told another story; and the next night, another. She spoke of marvelous heroes, Sinbad the Sailor, Aladdin, Alibaba, for a thousand and one Arabian nights. What follows is one of her tales:

In Baghdad once there lived a very wealthy man who had bad luck and lost all of his money. He became very poor. He was so poor, in fact, that he could not buy any food, and he often went hungry. Now as you know, hunger can play strange tricks on a man. And one night this hungry man went to sleep and had a very odd dream. He dreamed that a ghostly figure appeared and said, "Hurry and go to the city of Cairo. Your fortune is there, and you must seek it." Then the man awoke.

Since he didn't have anything to lose, he set out for Cairo. He arrived late one evening, and because he was tired from the long journey, he lay down to sleep in the street near a large house. Not long after he was asleep thieves broke into the house. The owners of the house were awakened by the noise and began to cry out for help.

A band of the king's soldiers arrived, but the robbers had already fled. The captain of the soldiers thought that the poor man was one of the thieves, and he began to beat him soundly about the ears. Then the soldiers took him off to jail.

The poor man spent a cold night on the hard, stone floor. In the morning, the captain sent for him. "You are not from this city," the captain said. "Where do you come from?"



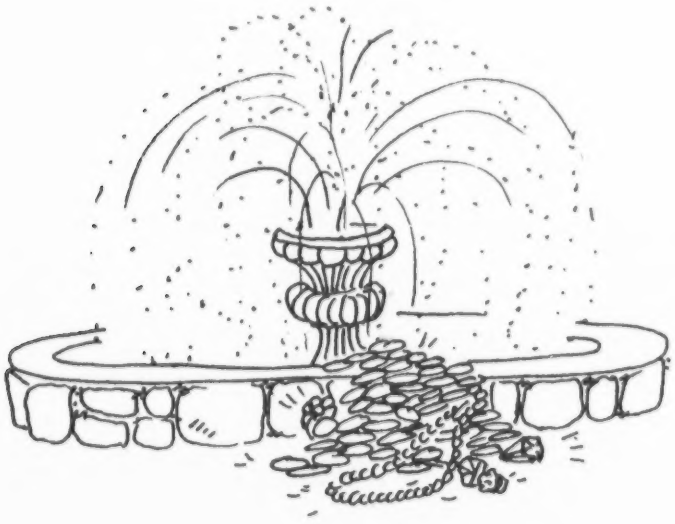
"From Baghdad," the man replied. "I've come here because a dream told me to. I have not done anything wrong." Then he explained the dream.

When he had finished, the captain roared with laughter and said, "You are a foolish man. Only a fool believes his dreams. Why, I myself had such a dream. A man came to me in the dream and said, 'Go to Baghdad and seek your fortune. It is beneath a fountain of bright water. Go there and claim it.' But I did not go. Yet you, with no brain in your head, have journeyed over dusty roads to be beaten and thrown in prison, just for a dream."

The poor man hung his head in shame. But the captain, who had a kind heart, said, "Here, take this money and go home. And pay no attention to dreams. They will only lead you astray."

The poor man then took the money the captain gave him and set out on the long walk home to Baghdad. Again, when he arrived, it was late in the evening; but this time he did not sleep. He went instead to the house which had once been his. In the garden of that house there stood a pool of fresh water, which was fed by a large fountain. Digging under that fountain, the man uncovered a great treasure of gold and precious gems.

And so it was that the poor man became rich again through a dream. Even if it was not his dream.



THE LAND SHIP

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS:

1. If you could be one of the travelers who helped Diermand, which one would you choose? Why?

2. How would the story have changed if Diermand had not asked the traveler you chose to join him?

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES:

1. Make a chart like the following:

Travelers who joined Diermand on the ship	What each one could do	How each one helped Diermand get out of trouble
Sod-Eater	Could eat huge amounts	Ate all the food at the feast
Thunder-Nose	Could blow mightily	Blew the hen-keeper away
Iron-Back	Could crush stones	Crushed the mountain
Foot-On-Shoulder	Could walk fast	Got magic potion on the other side of the world
Hearing-Ear	Could hear talking from a distance	Listened for message of hen-keeper
Wise-Man	Could answer any question	Discovered hen-keeper's plan

2. How might a land ship be different from a water ship? Draw a picture of one.

3. Each of the travelers in this story must have looked strange. Draw a picture of each one. Make them look able to do the thing they could do in the story. For instance, Thunder-Nose might have a very large nose.

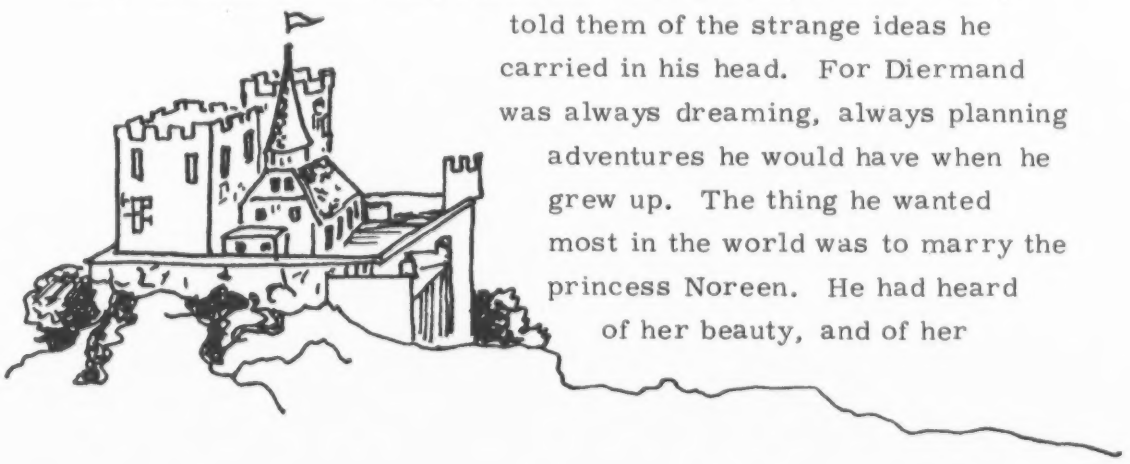
4. This would be a good time to use the play in the Drama strand entitled "The Fool of the World and the Flying Ship." It is the same story but in another setting.

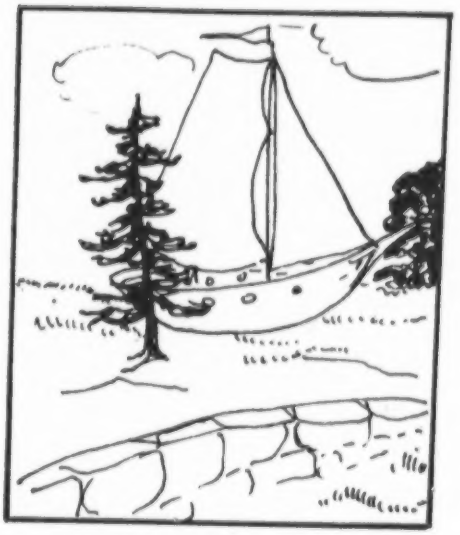
THE LANDSHIP

Part I

In Ireland, there once lived a King whose name was Eldred. Because of many misfortunes over the years, the King had lost all of his family except for his beautiful daughter Noreen. He loved the princess dearly, and planned to give her his whole kingdom someday. But there was one thing that made the King unhappy every time he thought about it. He would look at his daughter's long blond curls and sparkling eyes, and knew that someday a young man would come to marry her. Then he would be left all alone. So the King let it be known that the princess could marry only a man who could sail a ship right up to the door of the castle. Now, there were many great ships in Ireland and many men to sail them. But the King's castle was twenty miles from the seashore. So the King thought he was safe and that no one was likely to sail a ship up to his door across twenty miles of dry land.

In the countryside not far from King Eldred's castle lived a farmer's son named Diermand. Diermand's neighbors liked him because he was strong, had a good heart and was very handsome. But they shook their heads sadly when the boy told them of the strange ideas he carried in his head. For Diermand was always dreaming, always planning adventures he would have when he grew up. The thing he wanted most in the world was to marry the princess Noreen. He had heard of her beauty, and of her





father's vow, and he was not one to forget such a challenge. But though he thought about the problem night and day, he could not think of a way to sail a ship right to the castle door.

One day, Diermand was taking some butter to market when suddenly he saw something that made him stop and rub his eyes. A huge ship, with its sails filled, was sailing towards him over the fields. Diermand called out to the helmsman. The helmsman turned the great ship about and tied it to the top of an oak tree.

The captain of the ship, a large man with a red face and a black eye-patch, called down to the boy and asked him what he wanted.

"I want a ship like yours," cried Diermand. And then he told the captain of his dream of winning the Princess for his wife.

Now, the captain loved a challenge as much as any man, so he said, "I will let you use my ship if you will come along as my first mate. You can pay me whatever you think is right when your wish comes true." Diermand agreed joyfully to this plan. Leaving the butter to melt in the middle of the road, he climbed up into the ship and sailed away.

The landship moved along at great speed. Diermand enjoyed the many new things he saw, and the wind blowing sharply in his face was pleasant. They sailed along until they came to a village. There they saw twelve men in a meadow cutting great chunks of sod from the grassy meadow, and a thirteenth man eating the chunks as fast as the twelve could cut them. Diermand was puzzled at this sight, and when the ship came alongside the diggers he called down and asked who the thirteenth man was.

"My name is Sod-Eater," the man mumbled through his mouthful of dirt and grass. "I am always hungry, and because I cannot get enough to eat, I have to eat sod to fill up my empty stomach."

"Will you join us on our journey?" the captain asked.

"What will you pay me if I do?" asked Sod-Eater.

"Five pieces of gold when our journey is over," said the captain.

"That will be payment enough," said Sod-Eater, and he climbed into the ship.

The landship sailed on until it came to a great waterfall where a large river tumbled over a high cliff to the rocks below. There was a man standing by the falls blowing his nose, and the noise he made was louder than the noise of the roaring water. When the ship drew near the man, Diermand noticed that he had a plug in one nostril. He shouted down, "Why do you blow so hard and so loud? And why did you plug up one side of your nose?"

"I am called Thunder-Nose," replied the man, "and if I blew with both my nostrils I would blow everything away--houses, cattle, forests."

"Will you come with us?" shouted the captain.

"What will you pay me?" snorted Thunder-Nose. When he was promised five pieces of gold, he agreed to join.

The ship continued on until it came to some large hills. There they saw a man crushing stones into powder by falling down on them suddenly. Diermand was amazed at such strength, and when the ship drew near he asked the man's name.

"I am called Iron-Back," said the man, "and I am crushing these stones to make cement for

bridges and buildings." Thinking that Iron-Back might be useful Diermand offered him five pieces of gold if he would join them. The strong man thought a moment, decided that the pay was right, and jumped on board.

They had sailed only a little way farther when they saw a man running very fast against the wind. But he was running on only one leg--the other leg was tied up against his shoulder.

"What is your name?" shouted the captain, as the ship slowly caught up with the man.

"My name is Foot-on-Shoulder," he called. "I have to run with one foot tied to my shoulder because if I ran with both legs, I would travel so fast that no one would be able to see me."

The men on the ship told Foot-on-Shoulder that they were on their way to win the daughter of King Eldred for the farmer's son. They asked him if he would help them for five pieces of gold, and he agreed.

They sailed along quite pleasantly until they saw a man stretched out on the ground with his face turned to one side.

"What are you doing there?" asked the captain when the ship pulled alongside.

"I am listening to the grass growing and the earthworms chatting. My name is Hearing-Ear. I can hear anything that happens for many miles around."

Diermand invited the man to go with them for five pieces of gold, and he too joined the crew.

They traveled many miles, through green meadows, around dark forests, and over hills, until they came to a great wall of stone. A very old and wrinkled man sat on top of the wall chewing his thumb.

"Why are you chewing on your thumb, old man?" asked Diermand.

"I am called Wise-Man," he answered. "When I chew my thumb I can think of the answer to any question I am asked." Diermand saw how useful such a person could be, so he asked Wise-Man to come along with them for five pieces of gold.

As the ship floated on, Diermand was happy. He was sure that his companions--the captain, Sod-Eater, Thunder-Nose, Iron-Back, Foot-on-Shoulder, Hearing-Ear, and Wise-Man--were a worthy crew to bring before the King when he asked for the hand of Princess Noreen. Diermand felt so sure of winning the Princess that he had the captain sail the ship right up to the castle gates. He boldly ordered the guards to tell the King they were here.

Part II

King Eldred was very upset when he was told of the landship that had sailed up to his gates. He would not let it come inside the gates. He did not want his daughter to marry a mere farmer's son, even though Diermand had sailed a ship across twenty miles of dry land. So the King talked with his advisors to see if they could think of a way to stop the marriage. The advisors sat and talked and thought, but they couldn't think of a plan. So the King went down to see an old woman who took care of his hens, for he had heard that she was very wise.

The old woman listened to the King's problem, then she said: "Tell the crew of the landship that the princess cannot be married until Lake Killeroon is turned into a field. The lake is two miles deep and three

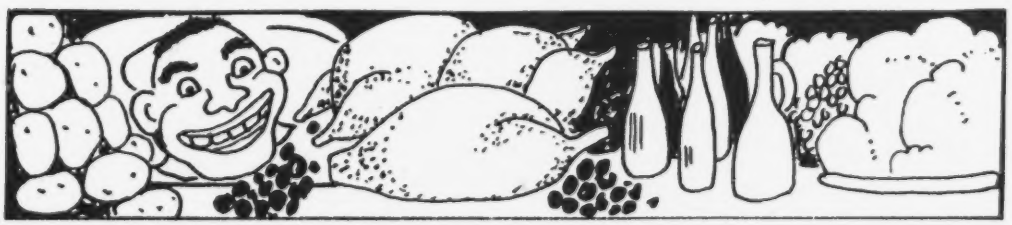
miles wide, and it is surrounded by mountains. When your farmer's son hears that he must do this, he will go away and never bother you again."

But Hearing-Ear had put his ear to the ground and heard all that the old woman said. He warned Diermand, who went to ask the advice of Wise-Man. The old man chewed his thumb for a moment and said, "Let Iron-Back go to the lake and fall on the mountains. They will be crushed into dirt, and the dirt will fall into the lake and fill it up and turn it into a field."

So when the King gave Diermand this task, Diermand just sent Iron-Back, and the job was done just as Wise-Man had said. When the King saw the level field where the lake and mountains had been, he was amazed. But still he would not give in. He went again to the hen-keeper and begged her to think of another way of keeping his daughter from marrying the farmer's son.

The hen-keeper told the King to have a great feast and ask all of Diermand's crew to come. "Tell them," she said, "that the princess cannot marry until all the food is eaten. If even a little crumb remains, she cannot be married."

But Hearing-Ear told this to Wise-Man, for he had kept his ear to the ground the whole time. Wise-Man told Diermand: "Let Sod-Eater go to the feast ahead of all the rest, and we will see what happens."



So when the King sent the invitation, Sod-Eater went to the feast before his companions did. By the time the others got there, Sod-Eater had eaten up all the meat--one hundred and eighty tons--and all the potatoes, cabbage, bread, and beer in sight. In fact, before the King could stop him, Sod-Eater ate up everything in the King's kitchen as well. Then he went out to the garden and ate up all the vegetables. He even chewed up the haystacks in the barnyard.

The King was so angry that he popped a button off his coat. He rushed to the hen-keeper a third time and told her she had better come up with a better plan than the first two or he would lock her in his dungeon. So the old woman sat down and figured out another plan. She said to the King, "Tell them that no one can marry your daughter until you are given the magic potion that belongs to the three sons of Sean McGinn, who live on the other side of the world. Tell them that if you do not have the potion by noon tomorrow, Noreen will never marry Diermand."

But of course the hen-keeper could not know that Hearing-Ear had been listening to all that she said. "We must send Foot-on-Shoulder," said all the men. "Only he could get to the other side of the world and back in time."

Foot-on-Shoulder untied his foot from his shoulder, and jumped up and down on it a couple of times to get the blood moving. Then he started running toward the other side of the world to find the three sons of Sean McGinn, who owned the magic potion. He ran so fast that he came to the sea in less than a minute. He made a boat out of his cap and tied his shirt on it for a sail and got to the

other side of the world in five hours. When he came to the castle of McGinn, he found it surrounded by a great wall sixty feet high. He shouted to the men inside, "You must give me your magic potion before the sun goes down or I will take your lives."

But the men on the wall paid no attention to him. They felt they were safe behind their high wall. But quick as a wink, Foot-on-Shoulder leaped into the air and sailed over the wall. The sons were terrified when they saw him jumping down on them, and they quickly gave him the potion to save their lives. Then Foot-on-Shoulder raced back toward Ireland.

While all this was happening, the King had sent a messenger to Diermand saying that no one could marry his daughter unless he had the potion by noon of the next day. Diermand listened politely to the messenger and then chuckled. He said, "Go back and tell the King that he has nothing to worry about. The potion will be in his hands on time."

When the messenger returned with Diermand's message, the King ran quickly down to find the hen-keeper. He was worried, because Diermand had outwitted the old woman twice before. The hen-keeper calmed the King down and then went into her back room. When she came out, she carried a long black flute. She walked out to the high hill near the castle so that she could meet Foot-on-Shoulder on his way back. The old woman knew how to blow wonderfully sweet notes on her flute, and she hoped to charm Foot-on-Shoulder with them so that he would stop long enough for her to grab the bottle containing the potion. But Wise-Man had chewed his thumb and discovered her plan.

The crew of the landship had a meeting and decided to send Thunder-Nose to the hill where the old woman was sitting.

Thunder-Nose greeted her with a bow and asked if he could play a note or two on her pretty flute. Since she did not suspect anything, the old woman agreed. Then Thunder-Nose blew a single note. It shattered the flute into a thousand pieces and the note howled through the air like a great wind. Then Thunder-Nose gathered himself up and sneezed loudly and blew the hen-keeper away into the air and watched her disappear like the note itself. Perhaps she is still flying, for nothing has been heard of her since.

Foot-on-Shoulder returned just before noon and gave the bottle of potion to Diermand. As the clock in the castle tower struck the first note of noon, Diermand was standing in front of the castle gate. He held up the bottle and demanded Princess Noreen for his bride.

The King stood there a moment. He did not know what do do. But the Princess, who had heard of Diermand's efforts from one of her serving maids, came up to the gate behind her father. When her eyes fell on the handsome young man who had tried so hard to win her hand, she was overcome with love. Turning to her father, she begged him to let her take Diermand as her husband. Because he loved Noreen very much, and also because he could not think of any other way to outwit the young man, the King gave his consent.

Diermand and Noreen were married, and there was much joy and feasting all through Ireland. The King grew to love Diermand as his own son, and after many years he died and left him all his kingdom. During all these years, the crew of the landship lived at the castle in health and happiness. Diermand had paid them the five gold pieces they had earned, and much more as well.